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Sunday, Dec. 24, 1933

What Will Bring The World To An End?

If the World-Wide Work of Erosion by Water Should Go On as It Is Doing Today, the Continents Would Be Worn Away, Little by Little, and Finally Disappear Entirely Under the Ocean. The Picture Shows the Appearance of the World at a Stage Before This Catastrophe.

If, Instead of Being Eaten Away and Drowned by the Ocean, the Earth's Surface Should Become Dry Like a Desert, a Period Would Come When Men Would Return Slowly to the Savage State and Fight With the Animals for the Last Places Where They Could Find Water.

Professor Rudaux Discusses the Dangers of Collisions With Comets, Changes That May Take Place in the Sun and the Likelihood of the Earth Dying of Old Age

By Professor Lucien Rudaux,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of the Donville Observatory, France.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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IN endeavoring to answer the question, "What will bring the world to an end?" we have discussed, in the previous chapter last Sunday, the remote possibility of a collision with a comet.

But it is well to consider the earth itself and the many forces constantly at work on this globe which disturb its soil profoundly, or happen on its surface, or in the atmosphere, and which make its physical life a very active one. This is why our planet has often been compared to a living organism whose evolution leads towards an inevitable death.

This comparison illustrates strikingly the part the forces of nature and the activities of the elements in action play on the surface of the globe. All these occurrences, closely tied together, result in a slow wearing process, which will bring the "end of the world"—the time when mankind is no longer able to live here. The fact that the globe will become unfit for life does not in itself imply its destruction, but means that it will be a dead world, and its destiny after that will be of little importance to us.

When we review intelligently the past and present life of the earth, we are able to conceive how it may end.

How did the terrestrial globe come into existence? This is a question which has given rise to many hypotheses, not one of which appears beyond dispute. It is certain that the earth has existed for an immense time, and geological, physical and chemical experts have endeavored to fix the period. An explanation of the various forms of calculation employed would be beyond the scope of this article.

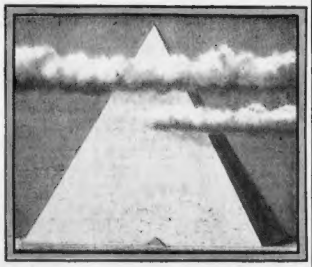
The results of these different investigations are generally in agreement and they teach us that the materials forming the surface of the earth are about two billion years old. This is a very respectable age and the calculations must be considered accurate. The methods employed have been very different and have been based on such varied facts as the amount of salt in the oceans, the formation of geological strata, and the radio-activity of certain minerals. All these investigations have led to nearly the same figure.

In the beginning the earth was fluid, and it was only little by little, through a gradual cooling, that a solid crust was formed. This crust is the scene of the phenomena of evolution, which we shall review.

After the formation of the solid crust there arose inequalities of various sizes, resulting from the internal movements of the earth and the contraction due to cooling. At the same time there was a condensation of the water originally existing in the form of vapor in the atmosphere. From this moment there began a relentless struggle.

The various phases of this struggle, the different arms that were employed, and the role they sustained in the development of life are of the most intense interest. It is only by a knowledge of them that we are able to imagine how the end of the world will come about.

The principal worker in this evolution was water.



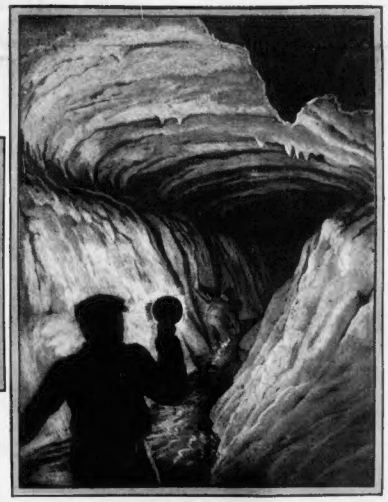
With the Enormous Volume of Solid Material Worn Away From the Earth Every Year by Water, It Would Be Possible to Build a Gigantic Pyramid Whose Top Would Be Lost in the Clouds. It Is Shown Here Compared to the Great Pyramid of Egypt, Which Is Outlined Below It in Red.

It has many ways of working, but they are not all equally effective. The most active of all is of a mechanical character; the term is quite accurate, because water in flowing over the soil under the influence of gravity, wears out, planes down, or splits up the ground as tools would do if there were any large enough for such work. But these various actions do not go on in a uniform manner.

The work of hollowing and carrying away the soil by water is called erosion. Its extent depends upon the nature of the soil and the speed at which the water is flowing. Water running at a moderate speed of four inches a second will carry away saturated earth, but to hollow out a bed of solid rock a current running thirteen feet a second will be necessary. Everything depends upon the nature of the soil and how its arrangement facilitates the flow of water. That is why the action we are considering goes on very unevenly in different places which are so varied in their conformation and makeup.

Natural erosion occurs most deeply on sharply sloping surfaces, as can be seen in mountainous regions, where wild torrents act with the fullest force. It must be added that their work is further aided by quantities of sharp, loose rocks carried away by the flowing force, and which, having been displaced and broken up by striking against one another, act in turn as excavating tools. All these processes diminish when they reach the plains, where the water loses its swiftness on account of the slightly inclined slopes.

But the water even then still acts mechanically, not by rushing, but by the force it possesses of increasing its volume when the cold changes it into ice. Everybody is familiar with the damage caused by frost, which breaks up jugs and containers in Winter. In nature similar acts occur on high summits, because of the general splitting up of the rocks, where the rain water and that coming from the melting snow act together in the thousands of recesses. The successive frosts, therefore, bring about a partial splitting up of the rocks, and this is why we see a carpet of broken rocks extending from the summit of hills and mountains downward like rivers of broken stone. All this mass is worked over and over again and dragged away little by little by the running waters.



When We Explore Certain Streams Where Water Exists in the Form of Underground Rivers, We Find Clear Signs That It Is Decreasing, for the Wide Bed Which Is Hollowed Out at the Top Is Now Diminishing at the Bottom.

The third mechanical labor of water is that exercised by the ocean on its shores. This attack goes on without any respite except the rare periods of atmospheric calm when there is no wind to produce waves, and the brief spells of high and low tide. Naturally, as in the case of running water, the demolition of the shores is proportionate to the force of the causes producing it and to the nature of the soil which is being acted upon. Cliffs of chalk or limestone give away much sooner than those of hard rock.

The work of erosion is greatly increased by certain circumstances which generally exist. All rocks are filled with innumerable fissures, due to the general movements of the earth's crust, such as contraction, sinking, folding, etc., or to gaps between the sedimentary strata. Thus a regular network of fissures is made up, some vertical and others horizontal, in which the water seeps and seeks to make a passage for itself, in order to sink continually lower under the influence of gravity.

These primitive forces have formed the excavations in the depths of the earth that we admire in the form of charming grottos or grandiose caverns. The total extent of such formations may be enormous. The subterranean network of caves, which is equally wonderful to the eye of the scientists as to that of the tourist, demonstrates clearly the working of forces which may one day have a fatal consequence to the earth's life.

In the general offensive, profound and continuous, against the earth, water does not merely employ its mechanical power. It is also armed with a chemical power which changes, splits up and dissolves the rocks. This phenomenon is called corrosion. Although less rapid in its effects than other forces, corrosion nevertheless plays a considerable part, and it contributes to the strange appearance of certain regions where the rocks appear to be carved.

This relentless wearing out by erosion and corrosion goes on with a slowness which escapes the unaided eye. We do not see it going on like the work of a human machine, the results of which can be seen in a few minutes. Ever since men have existed they thought they lived in an immovable framework, composed of the same marine rocks, the same mountains, the same valleys in which ran the same rivers.

They thought this because human life is short compared to the transformations which are going on in the earth, except in case of sudden and very localized accidents. But this work of wearing out, slow as it may be, goes on without ceasing; and the total result must be colossal after all the years of the earth's existence. In this way deep valleys, gorges or canyons, excavations into which waters infiltrate and circulate beneath the soil, have been hollowed out, while mountains wrecked at the summit and streaked with ravines along their slopes have lost a good part of their original height. From certain remains it has been calculated that the most ancient chains of mountains have disappeared entirely.

All the products of this work of demolition are carried by the rivers to the oceans. The deep paths of the latter thus tend to be slowly filled up. Through this mechanism of successive deposits the sedimentary strata, which are seen in geological cuttings through former sea-beds, have been formed. They belong to the first ages of the earth. Today we sometimes see them in certain regions occupying a sloping position, sometimes folded up and sometimes in very high positions. This is a result of the movements and contractions of the earth's crust, which produce alternate elevations and subsidences of the surface.

To analyze all these phenomena in detail would require a text-book of geology. The summary given here may seem dry, but it is indispensable to give an idea of the general character of this immense labor of natural forces, which must result in the end of the earth, so far as man and the animals are concerned.

All the attacks of rain water work together to level out the surface of the continents, while marine erosion gnawing into the coast diminishes the same surface.

The extent of this general wearing out has been calculated and the figures are worth attention. It has been estimated that the rivers pour into the oceans every year about 7,000,000,000 cubic yards of material torn from the soil. At the same time the soil loses about half this amount in material dissolved by chemical action. In addition, the results of marine erosion on the 63,000 miles of coast cause the earth to lose about 2,000,000,000 cubic yards a year. If we add these figures we

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Built a Luxurious Party House for $7.50

One of the Cozy Corners in the Comfortable Party House Which Pat Built.

SINCE the time when an architect first realized that play as well as work must fit into the scheme of normal life, and included an amusement room in his sketch of a house, probably no part of a home has proved such a source of pleasure. In older dwellings affording no game room, often a second sitting-room, a bedroom, basement or attic quarters have been fitted up for such use. Or, if no extra space was available, an addition was built on. But that building probably was put up before the depression. For, with household budgets pared close to the bone, the average family has, at present, all it can do to keep its head above water, without considering an expensive annex.

But how extravagant need such an addition be? If one inquired out in Hollywood, he would be told that it need cost "next to nothing at all," and the Pat O'Malley annex would be pointed out as proof of this surprising statement, for the Irish actor, so often a hero in cinema stories, has proved himself the star of the film colony in craftsmanship. In his leisure hours, spread over a period of six months, he recently assumed the varied roles of bricklayer, carpenter, roofer, locksmith, furniture manufacturer, not on the screen, but in his own back yard, building a tiny, one-room structure in the rear of his home for a den and party house—at a total cost of $7.50!

How his stimulus to erect the annex grew out of the making of an incinerator at his residence, and how keeping down the cost became a game, are best told in the words of Mr. O'Malley himself.

"A pile of bricks that I had found in a junk pile in the Hollywood hills and a couple of bags of cement given me by a friend served me as material for my incinerator," says the actor, "and when I had completed that small job, I decided to try my hand at something more ambitious. The idea of a small party annex for the rear of our home appealed to me. Since I had discovered what a gold mine a dump can be, I wanted to see just how far I could keep down the construction expenses of the little house, and I began to ferret around for additional material—with unusual success.

"My same friend contributed more cement, and an abandoned stone quarry nearby yielded a great quantity of wood that I used for window frames, doors and the furniture. A trip back to the dump for more bricks disclosed a dilapidated real estate sign, which, pounded out, now serves as a stout galvanized iron roof.

"The hinges on the doors formerly adorned an old mule-drawn dump cart. The latches and locks—in fact, all the iron work in the building—I fashioned myself from scraps of old iron picked up here and there. The bearskin rug, decorative ship on the mantel and the paintings on the wall are all gifts of friends who had watched with interest the progress of the house. The only cost in building and furnishing it was an expenditure of about $7.50 for additional cement."

Pat O'Malley Surveying the Exterior of the Building Which Cost Him Exactly Seven and a Half Dollars. Bricks From a Dump Form the Walls, and the Rest of the Structure Is Made of Reserved Junk.

The Fireplace in the O'Malley House. The Interior Furnishings Are All Gifts From Friends.

Dog Worth $125 a Pound

LONDON

IN the minds of many people who don't take their dogs seriously, a poodle is just a funny looking dog that isn't good for much of anything and not worth a great deal of money. But there are poodles and poodles, it seems, and some of them, if they happen to be thoroughbreds and capture blue ribbons at the smarter dogs shows, can and do, bring their breeders fancy prices.

Nanson Duc, the blueblooded canine shown below with Miss Jane Lane, is such a poodle and his mistress recently was induced to part with him only when an American buyer boosted his offer for the dog to $3,500.

Underneath his coat of fuzzy white fur, Nanson Duc isn't a great deal of dog, as dogs go, and he tips the scales at only 28 pounds. By a simple computation, it can be seen that this pet, which a lot of people wouldn't have around the house, cost his new owner $125 a pound.

The breeders and fanciers of poodles do not seem to feel that this is an exorbitant price to pay for a perfectly formed and healthy specimen of the breed and they are quick to defend the dog that has come to be known as the clown of the canine kingdom because people—especially trainers of animal acts for the stage and the circus ring—make the dogs look silly by clipping their hair in odd ways.

"The poodle," said one eminent judge of British dog shows, "is the most misunderstood of dogs. For generations people have insisted on making him ridiculous by shearing off patches of his hair and tying him up with ribbons, like a little girl bound for a party. In reality, the poodle is one of the most intelligent of dogs and can prove his worth in the woods and fields as well as on the stage and in the boudoir.

"Physically and temperamentally, the poodle is a good bird dog and, if sportsmen knew this they would make almost as much use of poodles as they do of pointers and setters. The dog is blessed with excellent eyesight, a keen nose and an adventurous spirit and has the intelligence to learn the details of hunting."

This staunch defender of the poodle points out that it is the high intelligence of the breed that has made it a clown and a pampered pet instead of what might be called a man's dog. It is so quick to learn and so willing to obey instructions that no animal act that includes dogs is complete without at least one poodle.

The "bad dog" that gets the most laughs out of the audience by seeming to pay no attention to the trainer is invariably a poodle clipped to look like a miniature lion and dressed in a clown's peaked hat and ruffled collar. The fool's job falls to him because he has the brains demanded by the role.

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Miss Jane Lane, of London, With Her Famous Prize-Winning Poodle, Nanson Duc, Which Has Been Sold to an American for $3,500, or $125 a Pound.

© Fox Photos

A Picture From Real Santa Claus Land. The Reindeer Is Widely Used in Norway as a Means of Transport. This Photograph Was Made in Geile, and Shows That the Youngsters There Have Little Trouble Taming the Deer. Tourists Find the Picturesque Snow-covered Roads Given Additional Interest by the Reindeer Sleds.

What Will Bring the World to an End?

(Continued from Front Page)

shall find that every year the solid surface of the earth is diminished by an amount of matter which is not less than 9,000,000,000 cubic yards. Such is the colossal result of a work which is not apparent to our eyes—and it goes on every year.

When these figures have been accepted, it is possible to calculate the time which will be necessary for the solid earth, completely leveled out within its confines, to disappear entirely under the sea. It must be added that the bringing down of solid material would gradually raise the level of the oceans, and this would have the effect of hastening the final submersion of the world. In short, from a calculation of the mass of the earth actually above the sea level, we find that its total disappearance would occur in about four million years. The surface of our globe then would be nothing but an endless ocean. This conclusion takes for granted that the actions referred to will go on continually with a speed and extent equal to their present scientifically calculated operation. We must suppose also that nothing will occur to disturb the reciprocal relations between the continents and the oceans; in a word, that all the elements acting upon one another will preserve the same proportions. Now nothing is less certain than this.

In fact, the movements of the earth's crust introduce notable changes in the proceeding, retarding them by raising up elevations at certain points, while hastening them by subsidences at others. But it is necessary above all to take into account one factor of supreme importance.

Many geologists believe that in a general way the amount of water is lessening on the surface of the earth. Geological phenomena, and studies concerning animals which peopled the surface in earlier times, lead to calculations that the liquid element was much greater in the beginning than today. Facts indicating progressive aridity during the historic period are in agreement with this assertion. The remains of civilization, which are found in regions now entirely desert, are a striking proof of this statement. Northern Africa, now mainly a desert, was a fertile region in the time of the Roman Empire, and vast areas of central Asia have met a similar fate.

This decrease of water is not measurable like that of erosion, but many facts show it is considerable and that it is probably growing worse. This being so, the work of wearing down on the surface must be affected. While it is still going on, it will grow less in proportion as the water becomes less. It is, therefore, reasonable to ask if the water will not have disappeared before the total leveling of the soil shall be reached. In that case the earth would be nothing but an immense desert of inconceivable desolation, not to be recognized as we know it today. The disappearance of the continents under a universal ocean, or the creation of an uninhabitable sterile desert equally universal, are the two alternative forms of the end of the world which our present knowledge leads us to expect. Which form will prevail over the other? Nobody can yet answer this.

(Concluded Next Sunday.)

Lived On Seaweed Diet

IF a man living by the sea wishes to learn just how he can cut his food bills to the minimum he should consult St. Giles Mechlin, formerly of Bruges, Belgium, now living at Provincetown down on the tip end of Cape Cod. This man has subsisted for weeks at a time on a menu the principal items of which were rockweed, dogfish, sand-sharks, skates, mussels and other such products of the sea at which the average mortal would turn up his nose in high scorn.

When Mr. Mechlin viewed the immense masses of rockweed that lay clinging to the rocks at low tide in almost inexhaustible profusion, he was inspired to try an experiment in dietetics. Gathering quantities of this he boiled it in fresh water for three hours. This removed the salts, potassium and cyanide. Then he baked it slowly in an oven and finally, when it was crispy dry, put it in a coffee mill little by little and ground it into a fine powder—a sort of rockweed flour.

Three small measures of this powder seasoned with salt, pepper and cloves, one boiled potato and a small slice of bacon, cooked together in a spider made an appetizing dish that contained, Mechlin says, all the nourishment of a boiled dinner.

He made rockweed soup with the flour, an onion, a small beef bone, two spoonsful of sorrel, some bay leaves and a crumbled crust of bread. Another variation was to fry two onions in a little lard, with a large cupful of rockweed flour and small measures of wheat flour stirred in for thickening.

Rockweed flour boiled in a spider with a bit of pork, plenty of vinegar, powdered cloves, pepper and salt and eaten with bread and butter made a most satisfying meal. Mechlin says that the rockweed alone, the base of most of his dishes, while devoid of any particular individual flavor, contains all the nourishing qualities that make it good food at no cost save the time for gathering. When such condiments as cloves, pepper, vinegar, lemon and a few other things are added it becomes nourishing and delicious.

The Belgian fisherman has found that with rockweed as the chief ingredient he can produce very palatable bread, piecrust and even cake of a sort. For an entire month, to demonstrate his knowledge, Mechlin subsisted entirely on what amounted to a rockweed diet.

Seaweed soup probably never will become a popular dish, even with Americans who live on the seacoast, but Mechlin has started to build a house of dietary economics that future generations may find profitable and palatable to complete.

Their Odd Job Is Packing Alligators

MANY strange and unusual jobs have cropped up during the past few years. Some of them have been the result of the depression and others have evolved and flourished despite upset economic conditions. No one would imagine that there would be much of a market for alligators at a time when millions of people are finding it difficult to buy the bare necessities, but business is rushing at the Los Angeles Alligator farm and a corps of young women are kept fairly busy putting the little saurians in boxes for shipment to all parts of the world.

Just how the fad for alligators started is hard to explain, but the photograph at the right is graphic evidence that the fad is with us and has created a new profession, that of alligator packer.

The girls who handle the little reptiles have to know their business so that the creatures will not be bruised and will reach their destinations whole and healthy. If, in putting one of the warty, grinning fellows into his stout carton, his bulging eyes were bumped against the edge of the box, or a leg were given a wrench, the alligator would be worthless as a pet or as a future breeder on some other alligator farm.

The little 'gators have to be placed in their traveling cases just so and the boxes have to be lined with soft material as further protection against bruises in transit. Also just the right amount of the proper food has to be placed in the container so that the creature comes to the purchaser alive and kicking.

The owners of the Los Angeles alligator farm had more than a little difficulty in finding girls who could be taught the business of packing the concern's "product." They tried out scores of young women who were willing to do almost anything for the sake of a job but who turned out to be mentally and temperamentally unfit for this particular business. They were, to put it bluntly, afraid of the pop-eyed reptiles and if they were able to bring themselves to touch the saurians at all, they were too nervous to pack them properly. Out of more than 100 applicants only half a dozen qualified for the exacting and unusual job.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Pretty Employes at the Los Angeles Alligator Farm Packing Baby 'Gators for Shipment to Fanciers of Pets and Alligator "Farmers" in All Parts of the World.

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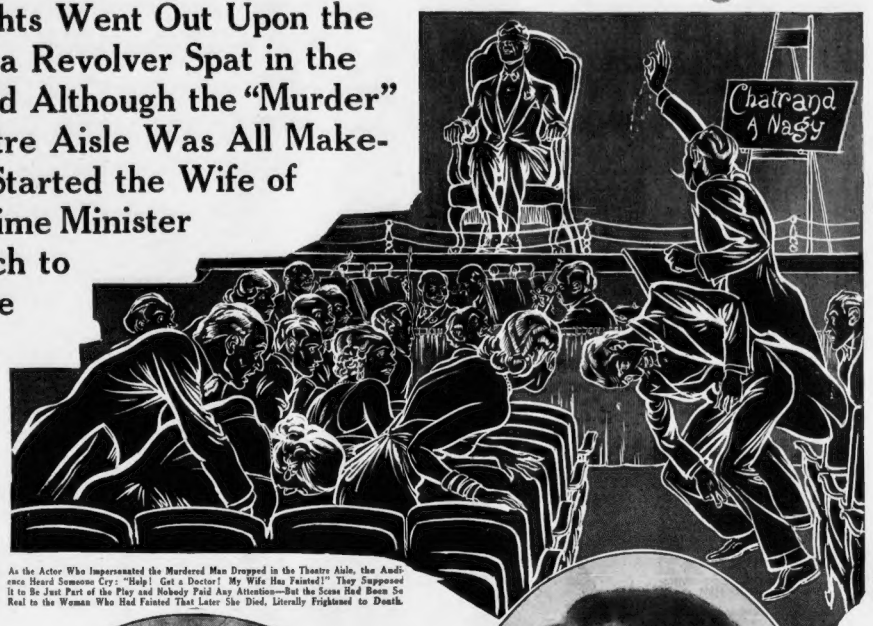
Frightened to Death by the Stage "Thriller"

As the Lights Went Out Upon the Audience a Revolver Spat in the Darkness and Although the "Murder" in the Theatre Aisle Was All Make-Believe, It Started the Wife of Hungary's Prime Minister on Her March to the Grave



As the Actor Who Impersonated the Murdered Man Dropped in the Theatre Aisle, the Audience Heard Someone Cry: "Help! Get a Doctor! My Wife Has Fainted!" They Supposed It to Be Just Part of the Play and Nobody Paid Any Attention—But the Scene Had Been So Real to the Woman Who Had Fainted That Later She Died, Literally Frightened to Death.

Prime Minister Goemboes, of Hungary, Whose Wife Recently Died From the Fright She Experienced at a Too-Realistic Scene of a Theatrical "Thriller."

BUDAPEST, Dec. 14.

THE play was "The Spider," the Broadway thriller that had been translated into Hungarian and was being presented on a stage in Budapest.

All lights went out, a revolver flamed as two men struggled in the darkness of an aisle, women screamed and men in the audience—actors "planted" there—shouted their lines as the authors of the play intended they should do.

It was all in the play that the man named John Carrington should be murdered in the audience while the magician, known as Chatrand the Great, was putting on his act. But there were lines spoken at this performance that were not written by the authors, though the audience thought it was all part of the dialogue.

A man shouted:

"Help! Get a doctor! My wife has fainted!" and people giggled and shivered, supposing it to be just another realistic touch.

But the man, it was revealed when the lights came on again, was not an actor. He was the "Hungarian Mussolini," now Prime Minister Julius Goemboes, and his wife never got over the fright she received at the mystery play "thriller." Madame Goemboes, when she recovered consciousness, was found to have been actually stricken speechless, and after four years of suffering from the effects of the shock, she died the other day in Budapest.

A beautiful young woman of queenly bearing, Madame Goemboes was nevertheless delicate and was known to have had heart trouble. Perhaps she would not have risked going to such an exciting play if she had been prepared for the unique twist by which the most hair-raising part of the action was transferred from the stage to the audience. But half the dramatic effect of the episode depended on keeping this point a secret, so newspaper critics said nothing about it in their reviews, and people who had been to see the play were careful not to tell others who were going to see it, so they would get the full benefit of the thrill when the lights went out and Carrington was "murdered" in the aisle.

The Well-Known Hungarian Actress, Louise Szekely, Who Played the Lead in the "Thriller," Sat Beside Mme. Goemboes and Participated in the Scene That Later Caused Mme. Goemboes' Death.

At the close of each performance the actor who played the part of the magician made a curtain talk to the audience and urged them not to tell anybody what they had seen. So nobody told Madame Goemboes and she went to the show little suspecting that she would be the real victim of the stage "murder plot."

The "play within a play" is older than Shakespeare, and the trick of placing actors in the audience to pretend that they are spectators is an ancient music hall stunt. But "The Spider," as written, went these devices one better. In this play the action took place in a "theatre within a theatre." As people came in to see the play they were given programs telling them that this was the "Tivoli Theatre," and that a series of select vaudeville acts of the Tivoli Circuit would be presented. First there was a moving picture news reel, then a man and woman put on a whirlwind skating act, two men came on in a blackface dialogue, and not until then did "Chatrand the Great" appear for his magic and mind-reading act and the real beginning of the action of the play.

After a number of sleight-of-hand tricks and magical illusions, Chatrand introduced his assistant, the mind-reader, "Alexander," and explained that he was a young man who had lost his memory after an accident, but had shown that he had marvelous gifts of clairvoyance. The magician came down steps from the stage into the aisle, and as people in the audience handed him watches, scarf pins, fountain pens, club cards and other such objects, the blindfolded Alexander on the stage told what they were and described them.

This is an old "mind-reading" trick that is done by means of a code. If the magician says "What is this?" for instance, it means it is a watch, and if he calls out "Now, tell me what this is," it is probably a stickpin, and so on. But Chatrand in "The Spider" not only used a code to fool real members of the audience, but many of the actors in the play had seats as spectators and through these "plants" the mind-reader was able to read long numbers, as on automobile license cards, and even to tell the contents of letters.

Madame Goemboes herself handed "Chatrand the Great" a small silver pencil to see if Alexander could describe it, and she seemed to be getting a lot of fun out of the performance. Seated next to Captain Goemboes and his wife, in the fourth row center, were a handsome young woman and a gray-haired, ruddy-faced man of about fifty-five. This girl handed the magician an old-fashioned locket which hung from a chain around her neck, a medallion which had the curious design of a spider in its web.

"I don't want you to do that," said the gray-haired man quickly.

"Why not?" exclaimed the girl. "It will be fun."

"Put it back on your neck! Do as I say!"

"Please, John—you're making us so conspicuous," the girl pleaded.

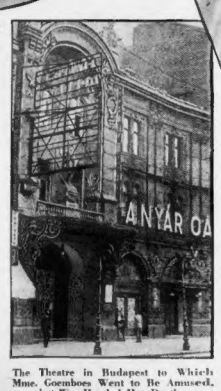
"Well, don't do it—I don't wish you to." Then he added sharply to the magician: "Please go away—there are lots of others. I'm not in a mood for it."

But the girl handed over the locket to Chatrand in spite of her escort's protests, and the magician started down the aisle toward the stage with it.

The gray-haired man got up and started after him, demanding, "Return that locket." But Chatrand refused to do that before the mind-reader on the stage had had a chance to describe it.

"You're not going to get away with this sort of thing," the gray-haired man shouted, scuffling with Chatrand in the aisle. "I'll have you arrested—I'll call the police."

It was then that all the lights were blacked out and a revolver cracked. The gray-haired man was the "John Carrington" of the play who was murdered, and the girl beside him was his ward Beverly, the heroine—both actors in the cast. But the quarrel, the struggle in the aisle, the sudden darkness and the deafening report of the pistol were so unexpected and so realistic that members of the audience were just as badly shocked as though it had "really happened."



The Theatre in Budapest to Which Mme. Goemboes Went to Be Amused, but Was Handed Her Death Warrant Instead.

Madame Goemboes particularly, who had sat right next to the girl and the man who was "shot," was unable to stand the excitement. In the darkness her husband felt her slump over against him and collapse. Excited cries were coming from all over the house:

"Lights, lights—send for the manager!"

"Call the police—somebody's been shot!"

The girl Beverly was crying, "John, John! Speak to me," and the "wounded" man was groaning, "They got me! I asked you not to come!"

Mme. Goemboes, Who Was the Real-Life Victim of the Make-Believe Stage "Murder Plot."

There was so much excitement and hubbub that Captain Goemboes could get no one to pay any attention when he shouted for help and a doctor. Actors in the audience were also shouting for a doctor to look at "Carrington," and two actors playing the parts of physicians briskly arose and offered their services. But they did not offer their services to Captain Goemboes and his wife, for it was written in the play that they must rush to Carrington's side. The actor had fallen against the steps leading to the footlights, so he was carried up to the stage while the make-believe policemen came running down the aisles.

Captain Goemboes managed to get somebody to help him take his wife to a rest room, and the play went on. Apparently a woman had fainted and that was all. For that matter, nearly everybody in the audience believed it was just a "plant" to make the atmosphere of the shooting seem more real. Another woman, an actress, arose from her seat and tried to leave the theatre, but was stopped by the make-believe policemen, who shouted orders that nobody must be allowed to get away until the "murder mystery" was solved.

It was a long time before the general public knew of the tragic effect which the play had had on Madame Goemboes, for her husband gave out nothing to the newspapers. For weeks she was unable to utter a word, so great had been the shock to her nervous system. After long treatment in a Budapest sanitarium she recovered her voice, but her heart had been seriously affected and doctors said she would be an invalid for a long time, perhaps for life. It was necessary to keep her quiet at all times. She was taken to a home in the suburb of Tetenyi, and she was unable to appear at state functions with her husband, or to take any part in the career he was making for himself.

Captain Goemboes and his pretty wife had been married only a short time, and this was an added cause for sadness.

The young officer's rise as the "Hungarian Mussolini" seemed to begin, curiously enough, at the very time when his wife's illness might have been thought a handicap. Within a few months he was promoted to the rank of colonel, then was made a general, and soon he was given the powerful post of Minister of War. Last year he was made Prime Minister, with almost the authority of a dictator. But his wife was unable to take over the numerous social duties of a Prime Minister's household, and she could not live in the mansion overlooking the Danube which is the Premier's official residence. It was only opened for big functions, and Madame Goemboes continued to live as an invalid in a simpler home where she could not be disturbed.

Early last Summer she suffered a severe heart attack, which doctors thought would be the last. She managed to get over it, but recently a second graver attack left her prostrate, and she died within a few hours. Premier Goemboes, an erect, soldierly man whose features seem cast in an iron mold, followed his wife's body to the grave with his stepson, Thomas Unger, a cadet in an Hungarian military academy.

Though many doctors had said that Madame Goemboes' death was directly due to the fright she had received at the performance of "The Spider" four years ago, the Prime Minister has never felt that the theatre was to blame, or the authors and producers of the play. If such a thing had happened in the United States, no doubt there would have been little time lost before a suit was filed against the theatre, as happened in the case of Mrs. Suzanne Nall of Louisville, Kentucky.

Nothing was done in this instance that could have been expected to cause anybody heart failure, but Mrs. Nall sued the Rialto Theatre for $10,000 because a crooner dressed as a Spanish troubadour came down in the aisle and sang to her, while a spotlight was played on her. What she objected to, mainly, was the song he sang, "Yours and Mine," in which occurred the words:

"Between your chair and my chair
Maybe there'll be a high chair,
And we'll call it 'yours and mine.'"

Mrs. Nall claimed that she trembled, fainted dead away, and lost twenty pounds afterward, worrying about the outrage. The jury that heard the case when it came to trial, however, could not agree that Mrs. Nall had been outraged $10,000 worth, and a mistrial resulted.

Her lawyers claimed that her "theatrical privacy" had been invaded when the actor stepped down off the stage and a spotlight was played upon her, thus making her a performer instead of a spectator. Many people, of course, have been annoyed by having actors single them out to be made fun of, and perhaps that was why enough of the jurors sided with Mrs. Nall to make the case end in a disagreement.

None of the thousands of theatre-goers who were frightened when they went to see "The Spider" ever claimed that their "theatrical privacy" had been invaded by the audience antics of the cast. They went to the show to be frightened, knowing it to be a mystery thriller, and the Prime Minister of Hungary felt that way about it, too, though the result in this case was a tragic one. It was nobody's fault but his own, he admits sorrowfully, that he took his wife to a show that was too exciting for her weak heart to stand.

Friends of the Premier now say that he may patch things up with his first wife and that they may be remarried. If that turns out to be true it may be that a final happy ending of "The Spider," even as it affected the life of Hungary's strong man, is yet to be written.

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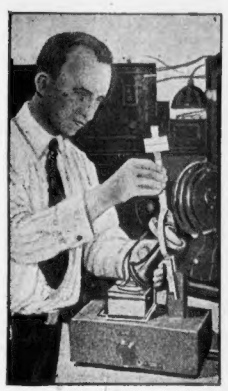
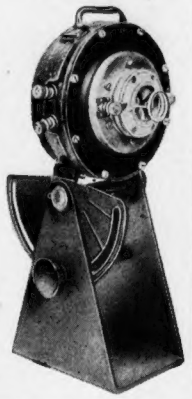
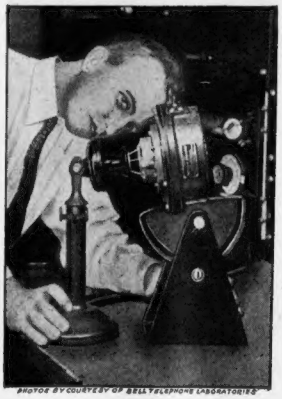
Sick or Enfeebled Watches Made to Tell What Ails Them



The Artificial Ear, Designed Along the Pattern of the Human Ear and Developed by the Scientists for Testing Telephone Receivers.

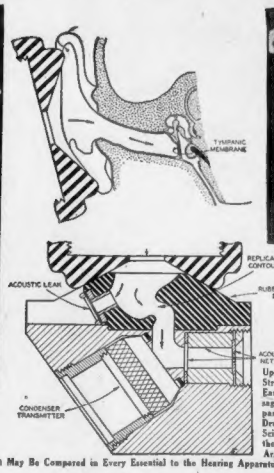


The Mechanical Mouth, Which Is in Reality a Modified Dynamic Receiver for Perfecting the Transmission of Sound Waves.

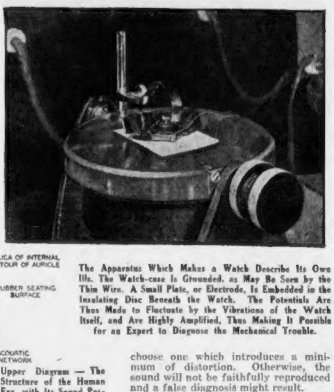


PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES

The Artificial Mouth in Action, Speaking Into a Regulation Telephone Transmitter.



Upper Diagram — The Structure of the Human Ear, with Its Sound Passage Leading to the Tympanic Membrane, or Ear-Drum. Lower Drawing—Science's Prototype of the Human Ear, the Artificial Hearing Organ. It May Be Compared in Every Essential to the Hearing Apparatus of Living Creatures.



The Apparatus Which Makes a Watch Describe Its Own Ills. The Watch-case Is Grounded, as May Be Seen by the Thin Wire. A Small Plate, or Electrode, Is Embedded in the Insulating Disc Beneath the Watch. The Potentials Are Thus Made to Fluctuate by the Vibrations of the Watch Itself, and Are Highly Amplified, Thus Making It Possible for an Expert to Diagnose the Mechanical Trouble.

IN the scientific laboratory of the Telephone Company a staff of scientists is always at work experimenting with everything the members can think of which may make the telephone service easier, cleaner and cheaper. In the course of recent experiments and inventions reported in the Bell Laboratories Record, one of the research workers has produced an artificial ear. It is necessary to constantly test telephone receivers of different kinds and it is a tiresome thing for one of the laboratory workers to hold an instrument to his ear hour after hour and report the ups and downs of what is being tested.

So it was a perfectly natural thing for the scientists to hold up their work for awhile until they had created an artifical ear which, on the whole, was rather more reliable than, and saved wear and tear on, somebody's human ear.

So, also, in another series of tests, somebody had to speak into the transmitter from time to time and sometimes for long periods. Thus it became natural enough for the experts to lay aside their work for a little while and produce an instrument with an artificial voice. It was a rather monotonous voice but it was always uniform and never got tired of talking into the transmitter as long as the experimenters needed a voice at the other end of the line.

Among the thousand and one things presented to the workers in the telephone laboratory, the matter of the ticking of a watch or clock came up. At once the scientists tackled the problem and the successful practical results are set forth in the November number of the Bell Laboratories Record.

It appears that the sound a watch makes reveals a good deal to a skilled watch-maker just as a doctor listening to a patient's chest with his stethoscope is able to learn a great deal about what is going on in the lungs or the heart. Thus the ticking of a watch reveals the condition of delicate bearings and moving parts, and the watch-maker is often able to detect damaged parts which need replacement.

But a watch is a very small machine and the sound given off is usually so faint that it is difficult to make an accurate diagnosis. Describing in technical detail the new invention by which sick or enfeebled watches are made to tell what ails them, the Record says:

"Apparatus has recently been devised in the laboratories which makes it possible to amplify the faint sound given off by a very small watch and so facilitate repair. While there are a number of ways in which this amplification might be brought about, in selecting the method it was desirable to choose one which introduces a minimum of distortion. Otherwise, the sound will not be faithfully reproduced and a false diagnosis might result.

"Since the sound is radiated from the case of the watch, its vibrations, if suitably amplified and converted to sound, will be a good measure of the sound emitted by the watch. This amplification is accomplished in a novel and interesting manner. The metal case of the watch is made to act as one plate of an electric condenser, and is separated by a very thin sheet of paper from the other plate or electrode which is of about the same size. The plates are charged by a battery connected across them through a high resistance. The stationary electrode is connected to the grid of a vacuum tube amplifier. Thus, the minute movements of the watch case cause corresponding variations in the capacitance of the condenser formed by the watch and electrode. The resulting fluctuations in potential are amplified by an amplifier of high gain and reproduced in a receiver. By means of this apparatus sounds inaudible to the unaided ear may be raised to almost any desired intensity."

One of the new instruments for listening to the heart and lungs of a watch is used in a large New York jewelry store.

Society of Divorced Women

THE Austrian laws relating to the rights of ex-wives recently were revised, to the distinct advantage of women whose romances piled up on the rocks of matrimony. But, in the minds of thousands of the country's feminine citizens, they are still at a disadvantage when their domestic difficulties are aired before the bar of justice and they have organized to bring further pressure on the nation's law-makers.

Under the militant leadership of Madame Eva Kameler, several hundred Austrian women have formed themselves into a club for ex-wives and a membership drive which is now under way probably will swell the roster of the organization to several thousand names.

Generous contributions by certain of Vienna's well-to-do divorcees and the dues which already have been paid to the secretary of the club by its charter members have supplied sufficient funds to lease an old residence which will become a sort of national headquarters.

Prominent on the club's membership list are several of Austria's leading women attorneys who will give free legal advice to their sister divorcees and, if need be, go into court to help them get a square deal when they are at legal war with their ex-husbands.

PHOTO BY SOIBELMAN STUDIO-GAYE

Madame Eva Kameler, of Vienna, Who Has Just Been Named President of the New Austrian Society of Divorced Wives.

Tattoos Unite Wandering Brothers

A DRAMATIC reunion was staged, not long ago, in a Salvation Army hall in Raleigh, North Carolina. Two brothers, members of that restless army of wanderers created by the depression, came into the place seeking shelter for the night. They were weary and dirty and went into the shower room to clean up before joining their fellow unfortunates at the table in the mess hall.

It was there that Harry Zeiger, glancing at the man beside him in the steam-filled room saw, on the stranger's arm, a tattoo mark exactly like the one that his brother Louis, supposedly killed in the World War, had had pierced on his arm.

When he got a good look at the man's face he blanched as though he had seen a ghost, for the fellow, except that he appeared to be older, was the living image of his brother.

Before Harry Zieger could say a word the man was gripping him by the shoulders and calling him by name. He, too, had recognized a similar tattoo mark that established his companion-of-the-bath as his brother.

Next morning they got out together to hitch-hike their way to Oklahoma City which Louis has called home since he lost contact with his family.

Denver to Erect the Second Largest Statue of the Saviour

SOMETIME next Spring the second largest statue of the Saviour ever made will be unveiled with befitting ceremonies high up on the side of a mountain a few miles outside of Denver, Colorado.

This heroic piece of religious art, an ambitious creation of steel, concrete and terra cotta, will measure 52 feet from the base of its pedestal to the top of the figure's head and will be visible for miles around because of its size and its 1,500-foot elevation above the floor of South Platte canyon.

The photograph shows two sculptors putting the finishing touches on the upper part of the original clay model for the mammoth statue, which they were commissioned to do by John L. Dower, a wealthy Denver business man and philanthropist.

When the clay original was completed, the contours of the huge figure were taken in 200 separate molds. Terra cotta clay was packed in these molds to a thickness of two feet and the clay was baked until it was as hard as rock and creamy white in color. Thus did the makers of the statue get a sort of sectional "positive" of the original clay model which they will put in place, block by block, over a sturdy steel frame-work.

If it were not for the heroic statue of the Saviour which was erected 2,000 feet above the sea at the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and dedicated in the Fall of 1931, this would be the largest sculptured likeness of the Lord in the world, surpassing in size the world-famous "Christ of the Andes" statue which stands on the boundary line between Chile and Argentina and which was unveiled with elaborate ceremony in 1904. The Denver statue will stand four feet higher than this celebrated symbol of friendship and peace which was cast from the cannon of the two nations.

The Brazilian statue, which has become a landmark for ships entering the harbor of Rio is, far and away, the most ambitious project of its kind ever attempted. Designed and erected of stone by the French sculptor, Paul Landowski, this tribute to the "Man of Sorrows" rises 125 feet from the base of the pedestal to the top of the figure's gigantic head. The arms are outstretched so that, from a distance, the statue appears to be a huge cross.

The Denver statue, although it cannot match this mammoth monument to the Saviour, will be a striking piece of work that will, in time, become world-famous and a sort of national shrine to which devout Christians will make annual pilgrimages. Batteries of powerful flood lights will illuminate it at night.

Sculptors Working on the Giant Statue Which Has Been Ordered for Denver by John L. Dower, Philanthropist. It Will Be Erected High Up on a Mountain.

A Cargo of Future Champions

MOST of the little girls of Whyteleafe, England, when they sally forth with their baby carriages, transport their dolls or their smaller brothers and sisters. But the youngster shown in the photograph gets much more enjoyment in filling the family pram with fluffy, white Samoyed puppies raised in her father's kennels.

Seldom has so much blue-blooded dog flesh been crowded into a similar space as it was the other day when the little girl filled the carriage with ten of the thoroughbred pups and took them for an airing. The pups comprised two prize litters and some, if not all of them, will be taking blue ribbons at British dogs shows a year or two hence.

The ancestors of this cargo of future champions hailed from the barren steppes of Siberia where they pulled sledges and herded reindeer for the hardy people of the wandering Samoyed people, from whom they take their name. That's why the English-bred pups look so much like Eskimo dogs, even though they are only cousins of the familiar "huskies" which make up the dog teams of Labrador, Alaska and the whole wide stretch of Canada that lies between these places.

When the members of the little girl's numerous family of pets get their growth they will weigh about 40 pounds each and attract attention wherever they go because of the snowy whiteness of their thick coats and the proud manner in which they carry their tails curled over their broad backs.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Double Litter of Samoyed Puppies Being Taken for a Pram Ride by Their Owner's Admiring Little Daughter, at Whyteleafe, Surrey, England.

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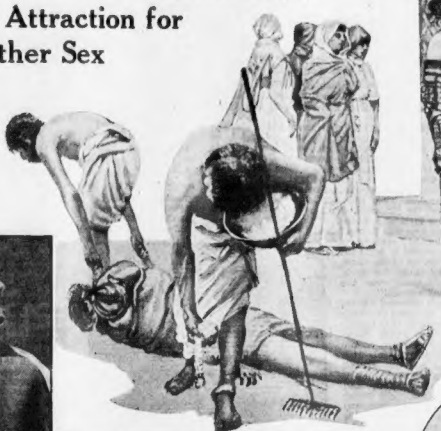
Why Fashionable Women Marry Husky Prizefighters

Strength of Body, Vigor, Physical Prowess and Brute Force Remain Now, as in Ancient Days, Man's Chief Attraction for the Other Sex

Enzo Fiermonte, the Italian Boxer, Whom Mrs. Madeleine Force Dick, Once the Wife of John Jacob Astor, Recently Married.

The Former Mrs. William K. Dick, Who Was Divorced From Her Second Husband, and Whose First, John Jacob Astor, Was Lost on the Titanic. Her Third Husband is Fiermonte, the Prizefighter.



A Gladiatorial Scene at Ancient Pompeii, in Which the Fighter, Having Killed a Man for the Amusement of a Small Party, Receives Presents and Caresses From His Women Admirers. From the Painting by Francisco Netti.

Gene Tunney, Retired Heavyweight Boxing Champion, and His "$50,000,000 Society Bride," Who Was Miss Josephine (Polly) Lauder.

Lady Astor's Sister, the Former Mrs. Nora Langhorne Phipps, Who Became the Fourth Wife of Maurice B. "Lefty" Flynn, the Husky Yale Football Star.

GENE TUNNEY, champion prizefighter, married the rich and fashionable Polly Lauder, and Maurice ("Lefty") Flynn picked a bride from the distinguished Langhornes of Virginia—a sister of Lady Astor.

And now the other day Mrs. Madeleine Dick, once the wife of John Jacob Astor, was so crazy to marry Enzo Fiermonte, Italian boxer, that she could not wait to leave her hospital bed. Mrs. Dick is a woman of social standing, who lost her first husband, Colonel Astor, in the Titanic disaster. Her second husband, Mr. William K. Dick, she divorced. What did she see in this husky heavyweight fighter to make her think he was just the man she wanted?

Though famous artists have argued back and forth and poets have violently disagreed, though prominent dressmakers have wrangled and theatrical producers have debated as to what qualities make for the ideal feminine face and the ideal feminine figure, the definition of masculine attractiveness has remained consistent and almost invariable through the ages. Though women's figures change with the whims of fashion, the ideal male form is represented today, just as it always has been, in the heroic muscles and brawny shoulders of Hercules, Achilles, Samson or Goliath.

Manliness remains the supreme attribute of the male of the species and by manliness is meant strength of body, power, vigor, the physical prowess that spells brute force. Heroism consists of valor in danger and fortitude in suffering, the possession of sinews and stamina that make for true virility and the ability to fight and conquer the opponent by means of a robust physique and indomitable courage.

The modern woman, in spite of her striving toward economic independence, her desire to take an active part in social and political affairs, still surrenders as willingly as did her more retiring and bashful sisters of a bygone day to the wooing of the masculine, husky, broad-shouldered "he-man," who stands ready to do battle and win for the protection of the "weaker sex."

Outstanding champions of physical prowess have no difficulty in winning attractive women. Because many of them are associated with theatrical or film life, the women of these professions have first chance at them. Thus Jack Dempsey, Max Schmeling, Germany's prize mauler, Johnny Weissmuller and others are married to stage or movie women instead of women of society.

Why does the big husky brute type of male have no difficulty in winning the feminine heart? Why do women choose to be the mates of mighty physique and find in the muscles of a champion the answer to a maiden's prayer?

Psychologists, sociologists and students of mankind have recently been exploring this fascinating problem. They have studied the habits of the animal kingdom, the reactions of our primeval ancestors, the customs of savage tribes and the instincts of civilized men and women. And they think they have found the correct answer.

Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton, head of the Department of Experimental Psychology at Temple University, in Philadelphia, believes that Theodore Roosevelt, who was himself an example of the fighting masculine man, "hit the nail on the head" when he said: "There is a lot of the primal man in most of us."

"Roosevelt was talking about his good friend, John L. Sullivan," Dr. Bolton explained. "John L. was a human tractor but his first wife was pretty Annie Bates, called the most beautiful woman in Boston during her prime. In spite of Sullivan's lack of polish, he numbered the late King Edward VII among his friends and he was singled out for great praise by the supreme actress, Modjeska. The reason was that he was a successful fighting animal and that, as Roosevelt said, the primal man which is in most of us admired the brute force and battering power which the ability of John L. Sullivan exemplified.

"Women down through the years have cast their eyes longingly upon what we call the husky fighting brute-type of physique. It seems that the weaker and more frail a woman is the more eagerly she seeks for a domineering mate. And Nature seems to have planned this well, for there are countless examples of the strong man falling time and time again for the delicate, helpless clinging-ivy type of woman. In this way the woman seeks and hopes to find protection and the man is able to give it.

"Here we see the outstanding reason why women admire strong men. It is a result of an instinct which can easily be traced to life as it is lived among the higher animals. Gaze at them and you will see a striking parallel.

"As Dr. E. A. Westermarck, the great authority on the history of marriage, wrote: 'In all nature the male plays the more active, the female the more passive part. During the season of love courtship, the males even of the most timid animal species engage in desperate combats with each other for the possession of the female, and there can be no doubt that our primeval human ancestors had, in the same way, to fight for their wives; even now this kind of courtship is far from being unknown among savages. Moreover, the male pursues and tries to capture the female and she, after some resistance, finally surrenders herself to him. The female has a desire to be pursued and won by the male. In the female there is consequently an instinctive appreciation of manly strength and courage.'

"Among the animals we see that the males are more developed than the females in the matter of size, fighting characteristics and form. What is more, they are endowed with highly-colored plumage. The females on the other hand are dull and drab and endowed with no special adornment with which to vie for male favor. Everyone knows that the peacock struts his gorgeous fan of feathers in great conceit while the peahen is a plain-looking, not particularly beautiful bird. The rooster outshines the hen; the lioness can not boast of a mane that makes her mate the lord of the forest, and the antlers of a stag are again a male attribute.

"It seems to me that the powerful and virile male human being is the biological successor to the highly-developed and universally-attractive fighting male animal. The parallel continues to show that, according to biological theory and the law of the survival of the fittest, the male with the handsomest display of color and the most successful methods of conquering his opponent is inevitably destined to win the female who is the coveted prize.

"Among some animals, the females stand around and watch the rival males fight it out. At the end of the encounter the conqueror wins and the vanquished is left to suffer and often die alone and in disgrace. In a similar manner, the girls of today consider the winner in feats of physical prowess as their manly ideal, thus keeping the faith with and perpetuating a trait which they have inherited from the animal kingdom."

This marked tendency of the female of the species to yield to the blandishments of the strongest males is particularly obvious among savage tribes. Eminent sociologists, notably Dr. Robert Briffault, whose studies of primitive manners and customs are exhaustive in their scope, have pointed out open competitions, some with weapons, others just with fists and other natural fighting implements, for the sole purpose of eliminating the weaker suitor and giving the bride to the more powerful one.

Among the Australian aborigines, for instance, wife-stealing was a common occurrence. But when a husband discovered who had stolen his wife, he and the other man had a duel in the presence of the entire tribe and the winner of the contest of strength received the woman as his rightful possession. Among the Eskimos of the far North, when the triangle of lover, husband and wife arose, the two rival men wrestled without weapons and the stronger was the acknowledged and undisputed owner of the wife. Various tribes used other means of settlement: the Slave Indians of the Tuski Tribe engaged in hair-pulling matches among the men and the Charruas of Brazil fought it out with nothing but their naked fists.

According to Dr. Briffault, the women in primitive societies really did a great deal of the selecting of men, for the men in those tribes, just like animals, adorned themselves to attract the attention of the opposite sex while the females depended only on their natural charms. Among the North American Indians, women looked primarily for skill in hunting and prowess in war in their men; among the primitives of Brazil the warrior was the most sought-after of all men. The reason why a good hunter and a successful fighter was a desirable mate was because the first attribute meant food and the second meant protection. Out of these crude utilitarian and mercenary motives, which made what today is termed a good provider, grew the sentiment of admiration for manly qualities which has persisted in our highly-developed civilization.

Among the Bushmen of Kalahari, for instance, a young man was not considered ready for marriage until he proved that he could kill a giraffe or a gnu. Among the African tribes in Zambesi, a man had to kill a rhinoceros before he could get a wife, while the Wapokomos of East Africa required a crocodile as proof of ability and the Bororos of Brazil made it necessary to kill five peccaries or one jaguar. It is curious to see that the Bororo who killed two jaguars was entitled to two wives.

According to E. A. Francis, who made a study of the natives of Borneo, the Dyaks of that country worked on the following principle: "He who succeeded in bringing back a head, no matter how obtained, was immediately received as a distinguished member of the community and had a free choice of all the girls in the village; the maidens vied for his favor, that they might become the mothers of a race of heroes."

Not only fights with animals and other men but actual tests of physical endurance were given before marriage was allowed in certain societies. Flagellation and cruel beatings inflicted on young men often led to permanent scars and injuries but the rule was that the truly brave man never complained and bore up bravely during the entire performance. Among the Carib races of South America the young men before they could take brides were forced to be bitten by large, blood-sucking ants and if they cried out they were not allowed to marry. In Patagonia, strength and dexterity were so much admired that it was impossible for a cripple or a weakling to obtain a wife.

In ancient Greece the bride was allotted to the victor in archery competitions, foot-races or bull-fights. This practice of bestowing brides on the victors in athletic combats prevailed in Ireland until the eighteenth century and it still holds good in the vast country of India. The Chukchee tribes of Northeastern Asia cling to the custom of giving the brides to the winners of foot-races just as the Greeks did in the days of the Marathon.

In Central Asia the prospective bride rides off on a fast horse and several suitors follow her on strong steeds. She is awarded to the one who catches up with her first. Other tribes use canoe races for the same purpose while a few follow the custom of having the bride hide in the forest and giving her to the first man who succeeds in locating her. Thus it may be seen how the roots of woman's faith and trust in strength date back to animals and primitive societies where it had first a mercenary and then a sentimental value. Strength meant economic security as well as the belief that a strong father begets a strong son and gives promise of a strong race.

According to Dr. Bolton, masculinity and manliness as exemplified in the "he-man," the male who is a good animal, continue to enamor, attract and captivate women. He sees in the male leader the same qualities of self-esteem and self-assurance plus the physical ability to back them up as he sees in the lion, the tiger and the stallion.

"In the days of chivalry," Dr. Bolton continued, "a marked feature of the combats in which the knights engaged was the love-service which the victor received from his lady. The knights, who combined physical prowess with noble blood, engaged in lavish tournaments. Usually they had little money and the tournament required large outlays. The ladies often supplied the necessary purses. Then after the tournament it was a part of the chivalry of the age that the ladies should give their favor to their chosen knights who had succeeded in winning the tournaments.

"The romances which sing of chivalry exalt the heroic deeds of the brave heroes. When Iseult saw Tristran in the bath for the first time and gazed upon his handsome frame, she thought not only of his fine figure but also of his fighting capacity. According to 'Le Roman de Tristran' she said: 'If he is as valiant as he is handsome, he must be sufficiently strong to sustain a hard fight, for he is of noble proportions.' Gawain, another noble knight, was besieged by women. But the refrain of many of these delicate ladies was the same: 'I will give you all my love as soon as I have seen you fight your first joust.'"

Weininger, the German philosopher, believed that woman's deepest desire was to be governed by man's will, dominated and changed by him. He felt that woman was nothing without man and lived only when she was paired with a domineering husband who could tell her what to do and how to do it.

Today, in spite of the fact that women have tried to gain independence and fame, they are still as anxious as ever to gain the love of a manly, strong man. To Dr. Bolton this is explainable, since from time immemorial woman has given herself to the strong protector and today as much as ever she wants to feel herself loved by a potential leader. Success goes to the strong, for the first and most important thing for a man to be, if he is to play any particular role in society, is a good animal. Apollo Belvidere was an example of masculine beauty but he was too handsome. The ideal manly man is a Hercules or a Samson who can conquer the enemy, defend the home and dominate his wife.

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Rich, He Weds Girl Who Saved His Life

IT used to be that the hero was a poor but worthy young man, Sammering at the seashore for a week or ten days, who saw a damsel sinking in distress and jumped in and saved her life and found out that she was an heiress, whom he instantly married in order that he could live happily with her forever after.

But in these days, when everything is topsy-turvy, things happen like the Von Wedel-Ford love match. In this case the heroine saved the life of the man she worked for, and he had already turned out to be a millionaire and a nobleman, so there was nothing else to do for a happy ending except to marry her—which he did with gusto.

The heroine did some turning out, too, in this instance. She turned out to be the descendant of a very old and aristocratic family, in addition to being the best laboratory technician Dr. Hassow O. Von Wedel had ever had, so it is no wonder he married her.

Dr. Von Wedel, a very wealthy bachelor, physician, laboratory owner and son of a German Baron, would never have come out of the dark waters of Long Island Sound alive if it hadn't been for Miss Sarah Hines Ford. The doctor, who renounced his German title in order to become an American citizen, is commodore of the Yacht Club at New Rochelle, N. Y. He is also the owner of a chain of biological and chemical laboratories throughout the East, and Miss Ford was the head technician of the one at the New Rochelle Hospital.

One day last Summer it was necessary for Miss Ford to go to the Yacht Club to discuss a professional matter with Dr. Von Wedel. The doctor had never realized that he had a technician working for him who was as pretty as Sarah, so they talked over technical things for a long time. In fact, when the time came for the doctor to shove off in his schooner yacht, "The Hobby," with a party he was taking out from New Rochelle, he decided it was absolutely necessary for Sarah to join the party.

Other members of the party supplied Sarah with yachting togs quicker that she could say "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum," so she couldn't get out of accepting the invitation.

With Dr. Von Wedel at the helm, his schooner, which is the flagship of the New Rochelle fleet, cruised up Long Island Sound and at nightfall put in at the Madison Beach Yacht Club of Madison, Connecticut.

The visit of a Commodore and a flagship was quite an event at Madison, and Dr. Von Wedel's party was warmly welcomed by his fellow yachtsmen. In a borrowed evening

Sarah Dashed Down the Pier and Leaped in After the Doctor. Evening Clothes and All. In Diving She Struck Her Back Against a Wooden Beam and Was Temporarily Stunned. When She Came Too, She Groped Under the Water Until She Found the Unconscious Man.

dress, which luckily—as it turned out—didn't have much to it in the way of material, Sarah had lots of fun at the dance. In fact, Dr. Von Wedel could hardly dance three steps with her at a time, the gallant Madison yachtsmen cut in on them so constantly.

Towards midnight the doctor gave up the struggle to get a whole dance with his fascinating technician, and walked out on the stone pier which runs into the Sound. The light was not very good out at the end of the pier, and Dr. Von Wedel tripped over a mooring ring or something and pitched headlong into the Sound.

Sarah Ford, who chanced to be at that moment on the veranda of the clubhouse, saw the white-clothed form of the doctor as he toppled into the water. She did not scream for help, or, if she did, nobody heard her above the music of the orchestra. She dashed down the pier and leaped in after the doctor, evening clothes and all. In diving she struck her back against a wooden beam and was temporarily stunned. When she came to, half-drowned herself, she groped under water until she found the unconscious body of Dr. Von Wedel.

Panting with the exertion and weakened by her own injury, she in some way managed to drag the doctor to shallow water, where she collapsed. More than an hour later they were found there, both in a semi-conscious condition, by a searching party which had looked everywhere for them.

They were taken to a private hospital, where it was found that Miss Ford was the more seriously hurt of the two. The injuries to her back will make it necessary for her to wear braces for a year. Dr. Von Wedel in falling off the pier had suffered a deep gash in his head and other injuries.

The doctor and his technician remained at the hospital for many weeks, and there, appropriately enough, their romance grew serious. The doctor asked her to marry him—not because he was grateful to her for saving his life, but because he was in love with her.

They were married at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin Whittlesey Ford, at Columbus, Georgia, and many Southern notables were guests at the wedding. The bride on her mother's side is the grandgaughter of the late Judge and Mrs. William Redd, prominent figures of Civil War days in Georgia, and on her father's side is descended from Frances Schley Whittlesey and Leroy Sutherland Ford, wealthy plantation owners.

When she finished school at Randolph-Macon College, in Virginia, Sarah Ford had decided to carve out a career for herself instead of going in for social conquests. She studied in this country, in Vienna and Berlin, to equip herself as a bacteriologist and chemist. Then she went back to Georgia and established her own laboratory in Columbus. She became chief bacteriologist for the city, the only woman ever to hold that job. Then she went to Europe again for more travel and study, and when she got back she was offered the post of chief technician in the hospital laboratory at New Rochelle—which Dr. Von Wedel owns, along with nine others.

On their honeymoon the bride and groom went to the home of Dr. Von Wedel's ancestors in Germany. His father was Baron Curt Von Wedel, his great-uncle the late Prince Von Wedel, one of the early German governors of Alsace-Lorraine, and his uncle, Baron Max Von Wedel, was a member of the German high command during the war.

But the doctor's distinguished ancestry and his international reputation as a chemist and pathologist wouldn't do him much good now if Sarah Ford hadn't happened to see him fall off that pier.

The Haunted Shipwrecks Of The Coast Of Maine

MOTORISTS along the Maine Coast have something new to worry about—haunted shipwrecks. Since the weird happenings that started the past Summer, many refuse to drive after nightfall along the lonely stretch by the marsh at Wells Beach where the hull of the Emma S. Osier lies rotting. The wreck of this vessel is haunted.

It has lain there in the mud for many years since it was stranded in a storm, and nothing unusual had been noted to mark it from other shipwrecks, until three or four months ago. The branch highway from the Boston-Portland road down to Wells Beach crosses a little bridge only a few hundred feet from the wreck. It was while crossing this bridge on dark, stormy nights that motorists first began to see the apparitions. They saw a strange radiance over the black hulk of the Emma S. Osier, and what appeared to be the floating form of a woman, all in white.

"I have twice seen this figure," said Charles Greenleaf, of Sanford, a Summer cottager at the beach. "It seemed to come out of the marsh water on to the stern, to walk or float along the deck, and then to disappear over the bow into the water again."

Other cottagers reported almost the same thing, and timid folk who had seen the phantom quit traveling over this road by night. Some one looked up the history of the Emma S. Osier in maritime records, and found that one of her crew had fallen overboard in a storm at sea and his body had never been recovered. His young wife, waiting at home for him, was so overcome by the news of his death that she soon followed him to the grave. And now, say the knowing old salts of the Maine coast, her spirit comes back on stormy nights to look for his on the vessel where his feet once trod.

Men of the sea are, as a rule, more superstitious than landsmen, so it is not surprising that there should be almost as many haunted shipwrecks as there are haunted houses in Maine. Wells Beach had another one up until early last Fall, when the heavy storms that prevailed washed it away, much to the relief of the natives. This was the wreck of the little coasting schooner Robert W., of Rockland. Every year for the last twenty years, on September 27 at midnight, witnesses assert, they have heard a weird song from the schooner's hull, rising over the chant of the sea. It comes precisely on the stroke of twelve, when the shrill voice of a woman cries distinctly, "Moire, moire, moire!" This, French-speaking inhabitants will interpret, means "Watered, or with a watery appearance."

Motorists Would See, on Dark, Stormy Nights, What Was Called "the Strange Apparition." They Would Stare at a Weird Radiance Over the Black Hull and What Appeared to Be the Floating Form of a Woman in White Would Rise From the Stern, Move Slowly and Vanish Over the Bow.

When the vessel was wrecked, twenty years ago, she was driven far up the sandy beach, so that the people on board had only to step down a ladder and walk ashore. However, there was a woman taken off, crying hysterically, "Moire, moire, moire!" Though the story does not go on to relate that she died, it is believed to have been her ghost that uttered the strange cry once every year in September on the anniversary of the schooner's destruction. At any rate, with the washing away of the last bit of wreckage of the Robert W., the phantom's voice was not heard on September 27, last.

Equally punctual is supposed to be the ghost of the headless sailor who shows up at the wreck of the Eva L. Royce, on the South Portland shore, on the howling night of every equinoctial storm or "line gale." The sailor, like the headless horseman of Washington Irving's legend, carries his head under his arm as he comes over the side of the vessel.

This man, according to the story, had been one of the port watch heaving the fore tack down by means of a capstan, one wild night, when the wire tack carried away suddenly, flew up with a vicious jerk and, whirling around his neck, cut his head off before he could even scream. Ever after that, members of the crew now living declare, on the nights when the wind is howling and the sea sending cold spray over the Royce's bows, this headless sailor comes clambering in over the knightheads from the sea where he was buried.

From Boothbay Harbor, which has been a ship graveyard for a hundred years, come tales quite as odd, stories which cannot be entirely laughed down. Off in deep water, anchored in fleets of four and five, the remnants of nine four and five-masted schooners rock idly at anchor—abandoned. Soon they will reach that state of ruin where they will have to be towed ashore and beached, like the barnacled-covered wreck of the Sally Potts.

Charles McKown, an 80-year-old ship's carpenter who sailed on her, tells how she happens to be haunted:

"Must have been about 1860 that I got mixed up with her que r skipper and the parson," he says. "Cap'n was a religious fanatic, held services aboard, with this one-eyed parson to officiate. The parson had long gray hair hanging down under a gray cap he always wore. This was because he didn't have any hair on one side of his head, just a shiny red scalp—a wound of some kind, I judge.

"Well, the parson got shot by some drunken oystermen of Baltimore when he was holding services ashore for them, and he begged to be put back aboard the Sally Potts and brought back to Boothbay so he could die at home. He didn't quite get there. He told the captain, 'Skipper, I'm dying. I wish you'd bring the Potts to and call all hands, for my last parleying. My race is run. I die strong in the faith, certain that I will be allowed to return. Then I shall preach to men's souls and heal their bodies!' He sort of sighed and it was all over.

"A week later the Potts caught fire from a galley stove, when everybody was ashore, and she burned to the water's edge. She was brought in here, and these bones are all that's left. But every year on the anniversary of the night he died the one-eyed parson comes floating over the old wreck. Have I seen him? Why, certainly I have! And there are lots of folks that come down here at low tide, kneel on the keel and those old ribs, and pray for the soul of the one-eyed parson to help cure them of sickness. A lot of them have been helped, too, yes, sir, and some of them cured—absolutely!"

On the beach near Southport lies the wreck of the Mary Weaver, which 30 years ago, in the memory of people still living, had a murderous ghost aboard, a phantom which has since retired from active duty. The first skipper of the Weaver was a powerful man, with a terrible temper. Once he sailed up the Potomac to Washington, it is related, with nobody left of his crew save a Negro cabin boy. They had all been lost at sea in a storm, he explained sullenly. The cabin boy, too, disappeared after they had landed. The captain was killed in a waterfront brawl.

Eventually the Mary Weaver came back home to die. She was stripped and beached near Southport. Then one night a passerby on the road was frightened out of his wits when he saw a bright spot of light on the hull where the after cabin door should have been, and heard a bloodcurdling yell. Not long afterwards another man saw the same light, and the ghostly figure of a man rose out of the hold, branishing a long knife. He stabbed at the air, and an awful scream of agony was repeated two, three times. Then all was black and silent again. People who inspected the hull by day found nothing, as is always the case at haunted places.

Frank W. Wardwell, of Portland, has what is supposed to be the psychic photograph of a "ghost ship." It is a picture, apparently taken at night, that shows a big, sepulchral looking five-masted schooner, with the outlines of Ram Island lighthouse in the background. Yet no five-masted schooner has sailed into Portland for many years, and there is no searchlight powerful enough to have illumined the sea for a mile around to outside the big vessel and the light house, too. Wardell says he developed the picture for a "psychic photographer," and that it is just a lost ship sailing on to a harbor it will never reach.

Among landsmen, of course, such tales as these will meet scoffers. No true seaman ever doubts them.

Wakes Up To Find She Is To Marry A King

THE PRINCESS ALIYAH, the 22-year-old daughter of ex-King Ali of the Hedjaz, waked in her chambers recently to find that a delegation of officials were awaiting her presence. When she had dressed and was ready to receive them she was told the astounding news that by official decree, her betrothal to King Ghazi had been announced and celebrated in Baghdad. In a few short weeks the young princess will leave her father's home and become Queen of Iraq, which was taken away from Turkey after the war, and made an independent country. Yet in spite of the ancient and traditional manner in which her marriage has been arranged, the young princess is planning today modern reforms for the women in Moslem lands. She hopes to do away with veils which she claims are ropes of bondage for the women of Turkey, and to ungear them with new ideals.

In her desire for freedom for the women of the Orient, the Princess Aliyah is in accord with the wishes of her future husband, who is also her cousin. Both are enthusiastic over sports and would like to see them play a large part in the lives of their people.

In strange contrast to the independence of spirit and manner shown by the princess is the secluded life which she has lived all her days. Awaiting her marriage the princess occupies a villa, outside Constantinople, which was once the home of the Sultan Murad IV. Three centuries old the villa is in a dilapidated condition, is built on piles in the waters of the Bosphorus. Outside the place is carefully guarded by large Negro servants.

All the attendants to the princess are women. Nor is a man permitted to come into her presence. A visitor to see her is shown by a man servant only as far as the door. For, according to the laws of Turkey, no man must ever step over the threshold of the Princess Chamber.

Yet in spite of the medieval traditions by which the future Queen of Baghdad is surrounded, she is in dress, manner and thought, as modern as any little stenographer who pounds a typewriter in Manhattan. Tall, slender, with jet-black hair, fine clear-cut features, and a healthy bronze complexion, Princess Aliyah looks exceedingly well in the European clothes which she wears. She is a careful reader of the Paris fashion news, and orders all of her clothes from Parisian couturiers. Silk stockings on her slim ankles and pert little berets which she affects, give her the chic for which women the world over strive.

Better educated than most women of the Orient, she speaks good English and is familiar with the topics that interest modern women. And although her marriage was arranged for her and her betrothal announced without her knowledge, the princess hopes to build a happy partnership out of her marriage to King Ghazi who is her own age.

"The new King," she explains, "is very modern and in favor of the progress necessitated by the age in which we live. He is very keen on sports."

When sports for women become popular, the future Queen of Iraq believes that veils will have to go. It is hardly possible, she points out, for a woman to enjoy a game of tennis or basketball, wrapped in flowing veils. With sports activities, she believes, will also come more independence for women. For she believes that sports give freedom to the mind and spirit as well as to the body.

The young Princess, whose lithe figure would be the envy of many a professional model, confesses that she daily takes light exercise.

In attempting to Westernize the ancient land of Baghdad, the young king and his future bride are undertaking a plan which has brought nothing but grief to other rulers of Eastern countries. Only a short year ago, King Amanullah and Queen Sourayo of Afghanistan tried to bring similar reforms to their people, but so strong was the feeling against such sacrilege that the people rose against them. Amanullah was forced to abandon his throne and take refuge in Herat.

But Princess Aliyah has no fears of a similar fate. She points out that her husband-to-be is young and already is beloved by his people. She plans to make modern clothes and sports so popular that the women of Baghdad will of their own accord put away their veils.

Died A Hobo On Train He Once Piloted

CONDUCTOR NELSON, by the dim light of the kerosene lamp in the caboose, was making out his report for old Number 11 the other night, as the train waited on a siding at Seminole, Oklahoma, for the westbound passenger to clear the main line.

The door opened softly, and a ragged, one-armed man shuffled across the car to the conductor's desk.

"What do you want, bo?" snapped Nelson, seeing in the newcomer only another tramp.

"It's an awful bad night out there, sir," faltered the hobo. "Couldn't you lemme ride into the city with you?"

"Can't do a thing for you, fellow. Against orders. You'd better wait for daylight and thumb a ride on the highway."

Nelson turned back to his report, hoping the ragged cripple would go without being asked out.

"But you don't understand, Captain," the man went on, "I got a reason for wantin' to ride this train. I want to ride her to Oklahoma City. I've got to, Captain—I got a good reason."

The conductor looked puzzled. "A ride's a ride, isn't it? Why pick on my train?"

The beggar's voice was huskier. "Well, I'll tell you, Captain—I got to ride her because she's my old train—my old train. For twenty years I took this train out of the city of Fort Smith. For twenty years, I'm tellin' you."

"What's your name?" Nelson asked quickly.

"Jim Sparks. Twenty years—" The man's voice became a whisper, his knees sagged and he lurched forward across the conductor's desk.

Nelson jumped to his feet and tried to catch the falling man before he slumped to the floor. The man's eyes were open—glazed. He was dead.

The conductor ran to the door of the caboose and called to his brakemen for help. They came running, with the engineer and fireman not far behind. The five

"Twenty Years——" The Man's Voice Became a Whisper. His Knees Suddenly Sagged and He Lurched Forward Across the Conductor's Desk. Nelson Jumped Up, but the Stranger Fell. His Eyes Were Closed. Nelson Saw That He Was Dead.

trainmen stood in a semicircle around the dead man. Tim Hogan, the engineer of Number 11, said slowly:

"That's him. It's old Jim Sparks. He used to run this train. He was a swell engineer in his time, before he lost that arm. And he had to wind up like this—begging a ride on his old train!"

One of the trainmen went to the depot and telephoned the coroner, who came to the train with an ambulance surgeon. They said Sparks had died of natural causes—heart trouble, probably brought on by exposure and undernourishment. A melancholy crew took Number 11 on to Oklahoma City without him.

At the morgue the pockets of the dead man were emptied of their few contents. There was no money. There was only a billfold worn through at the corners, and a soiled letter, with "Gerald C. Sparks, Fort Reno, Oklahoma," written in a corner of the envelope. In the wallet was a membership card of the railroad union. It was fifteen years old and bore the name James C. Sparks. On the back was the term record of his service, covering twenty years with the road.

The next morning all the old trainmen of Seminole passed by the slab in the back room of the morgue, viewing the body of Jim Sparks. They remembered him as the dependable pilot of a fast freight. Most of them had lost track of him since he left the road—he had left because his right arm was torn off in a train wreck. He had stuck to Number 11 too long.

Gerald C. Sparks turned out to be his son, a private in the United States Army. He told how his father had been forced to quit railroading when he had lost his arm. Instead of a pension he had taken a cash settlement from the railroad. He thought he had enough money to finish out his years in peace, but he had not counted on bank failures. His wife died in 1925, and his son joined the army. Jim Sparks lived alone, and his needs were few. But then came the stock crash, the depression, the collapse of many banks—among them the bank in which Sparks had all the money he had left in the world.

Sparks tried gamely to make a living. He had never asked anybody to help him in his life. But younger men with two good hands could not find work. The veteran engineer of Number 11 became a wandering tramp. He would write his son cheerful letters, telling Gerald how he picked up enough to live on, "on jobs here and there."

Trainmen winked at the rules and gave him rides, out of respect for his long years of service with the road. That is, they did for a while. It began to be talked about that every time Jim Sparks rode on a train it got wrecked. Three times he was a non-paying passenger on trains that crashed. Railroad men are second only to sailors in superstition. They became convinced that Jim Sparks brought bad luck to whatever train he rode. Jim found it harder and harder to get rides.

So far as anyone knows, he had never asked for a ride on Number 11, the fast oil drag train of which he had once held the throttle as he pulled her cargo of petroleum out of Oklahoma's rich oil belt. He always spoke of her as "my train," but he never asked for a ride.

"If I ever crawl aboard Number 11 again," he would say, "it will be as skipper in her cab or a corpse in the caboose."

Sparks must have known he was going to die, trainmen said, that night when he got on the caboose and talked to Conductor Nelson. At any rate, as if to fulfill his prophecy, two days later when Number 11 pulled into Seminole a coffin was reverently lifted into the caboose. Jim Sparks, for twenty years the train's good pilot, was again aboard—for his last ride.

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Chicago's "Fatal Woman"

Death, Disaster, Disappointment and Deportation Afflict Those Who Get Mixed Up With Miss Merry Fahrney, Headstrong Heiress Who at Last Got a Rap Herself From Fate

Bruno Schustek, Former German War Ace, Who Was Killed in the Brave Attempt Which Saved Merry Fahrney's Life.

The Uneasy Chicago Heiress, Merry Fahrney, Whose Latest Love Affair Nearly Cost the Lives of the Wedding Party.

The Wrecked Honeymoon Car Which Bruised the Bridegroom, Put the Bride Into a Hospital and Killed the Bridegroom's Brother. This Is the First Time Fate Reached Out and Dealt a Blow to Merry Fahrney Herself.

Miss Day Porter, Who Says She Was Engaged to the Man Merry Fahrney Eloped With the Other Day.

H. Parker Pickering and His Bride, Merry Fahrney, at Their Oak Park, Illinois, Wedding. But the Marriage Did Not Last Very Long.

Frank V. Eisner, Who Eloped With the Heiress Recently.

MERRY FAHRNEY has done it again.

Usually when "Fatal" Merry breaks loose the bad luck falls on others, but this time she also got into the hospital with a fractured skull and three broken ribs.

Into the hospital with her went Frank V. Eisner, of Lake Forest, Illinois, with internal injuries, a wrenched back and a marriage certificate showing that he had just married Merry; Noel Seeburg with a broken and dislocated hip, and Norman Peterson with a broken arm. These will all recover, but Frank's brother, Donald Eisner, went to the undertaking parlors and the cemetery.

Of course, Merry, who is blonde, pretty, twenty-three years old and would have millions to spend, if she could only get them away from her father, didn't mean to have anyone killed or hurt. She never does — any more than the time she tried a parachute jump and Bruno Schustek gave his life to save hers, nor when Count Giorgio di Giorgio was unceremoniously booted out of the country just because Merry wanted to marry him.

Merry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emery H. Fahrney, of Oak Park, Illinois, are Quakers, supposed to lead peaceful lives. Why they named their daughter Merry has never been fully explained, but it was a prophetic inspiration because she has led them a merry life ever since.

Merry's grandfather was old Peter Fahrney, the "patent medicine king," who left a huge fortune of which Merry's share was said to have been originally $6,000,000, but since the depression is now estimated at nearer $1,500,000. However, the young lady cannot get hold of this to blow until the death of her father, which might have happened long ago if he had not become shock-proof.

Merry's schoolgirl life was a series of madcap escapades in which punishments somehow always fell on the others. Merry seemed to lead a charmed life. Out of school her good luck had to be somewhat assisted occasionally by a staff of lawyers.

Mr. and Mrs. Fahrney certainly did not live a dull life. One day Merry ran out of the big mansion when the telephone was out of order to get a doctor for a sick servant. She came back three hours later, having forgotten the doctor but escorting six large police dogs which someone had sold her. On another occasion she brought home three noisy, and not very cleanly, baby monkeys.

By letting their daughter go on a short cruise, the parents enjoyed a week of absolute peace and quiet, after which they went away for a week-end visit. On their return, as the car entered their street, the Fahrneys beheld the neighbors hanging out of windows and a big crowd gathered. As everyone was staring at their house, the parents feared that it was on fire, but it wasn't.

The gentle Quakers succeeded in getting the guests to go as they had the dogs, monkeys and other undesirables, and they persuaded the servants to stay. They did not mind when Merry brought home one of the most expensive imported automobiles or when she followed this with an airplane, though this last led to something so tragic that thereafter a corps of lawyers were employed in trying to keep Merry from getting into trouble rather than getting her out afterward.

On July 6, 1930, Merry just had to get her name into the papers by making a parachute jump, and like almost everything else that Merry does, it had to go wrong. The parachute became entangled in the wires of her plane and there she was dangling helplessly behind. As long as the man who was flying the plane could keep it up, nothing serious would happen, but as soon as the gasoline ran out, forcing him to land, Merry was sure to be killed.

The wilful girl was in the grip of the law of gravity from which the Fahrney attorneys were powerless to extricate her but, as usual, someone rushed to her rescue. Bruno Schustek, thirty-two-year-old war flyer, parachute jumper and member of the Illinois Glider Association, went up in another plane to save her. Swinging and twisting on a rope ladder below this second one, he strove for two hours to make contact with Merry's plane and free the parachute. Finally, either from his efforts or luck, the thing became untangled, broke away, opened neatly and Merry descended safely to the ground amid the cheers of the spectators.

She was the heroine she had hoped to be. Cameras snapped, reporters interviewed her and the crowd carried her around on its shoulders. In all the fun and excitement Merry didn't bother to ask what had happened to the brave man who had risked his life for hers. Unfortunately Schustek had completely exhausted himself and when he saw the parachute open, assuring him that the girl was safe, the reaction left him too weak to climb back to his plane. Instead he dropped 600 feet, breaking every bone in his body.

Youth is proverbially careless, so Schustek's "buddies" were willing to overlook a giddy girl's forgetfulness in going home without asking what had happened to her rescuer. But when they had to chip in to bury him and to buy a modest marker for the hero's grave it made them indignant that the heiress had not come forward to take care of even those items. Merry's parents, hearing the bitter comments on the oversight, were concerned and relieved when their uneasy child decided to marry and settle down.

At a fashionable wedding a little over two years ago, Merry became the bride of Hugh Parker Pickering of Chicago. A son, now two years of age, was born and named after the child's late great-grandfather, Peter Fahrney. The child some day should inherit a part of his mother's fortune if she doesn't succeed in spending all of it. The child's grandparents already have made provision for him in their own wills.

The marriage lasted almost two years and the husband unwittingly brought home as a dinner guest to their fashionable Drake Hotel apartment the explosive which was to blast his home. It was a black-eyed, wasp-waisted little foreigner who bore the title of Count Giorgio di Giorgio of Italy and Chile.

Six months later Merry thought so much of the dapper Count that her husband brought divorce proceedings, but Mrs. Pickering said she wanted to get the divorce herself so Mr. Pickering, like most everyone else, obligingly let her have her own sweet way. It was granted on grounds of desertion, but the husband insisted on one point, he was not going to have his little son left in Merry's custody. The court thought so, too, and awarded the baby to its grandparents.

Merry thought she was now free to marry her little nobleman but her parents and their attorneys, foreseeing this, had been practicing what might be called preventive law, like preventive medicine. Lawyer Weymouth Kirkland and his assistants, after six months' investigation of Count Giorgio di Giorgio, were ready to act with the result that Uncle Sam's heavy hand fell on the noble's slender shoulder. Captain Michael F. McDermott, of the Bureau of Alien Criminal Investigation, called at the Count's suite at the St. Regis Hotel, New York, searched the place and took him away for an all-night questioning.

Among other things the bureau investigators had been told that the Count is not a Count, that he had a wife and child in Chile, that he was in the U. S. A. only on a visitor's visa and had overstayed it. The Count, if he is a count, gave them an argument or explanation on everything but that overstayed visa. The Government is so annoyingly exact with its dates and stamps on those things that there is no chance to argue. He had the option of being deported or of taking the next steamer to Chile, voluntarily.

"I am being Shanghaied!" cried the Italo-Chilean, but he agreed to pay his own passage, next day, on a boat. Captain McDermott personally saw him off, not with flowers, and his bon-voyage message was:

"Don't try to get off at Cuba and sneak back — or else —" and he waved a threatening fist.

The patent medicine heiress was also on the dock, all tears, divorced and no place to go. At sight of her Giorgio, Merry set up a howl that made the stevedores quit work to see who was murdering a lady.

"Let me go with him," she screamed. "I'll kill myself if you stop me. I love him. I won't live without him. I'm going to marry him. Let me go or I'll die!"

But Attorney Kirkland would not accept either proposition, holding her firmly by the wrist. The Count presented a noble calm. The Federal agents, who searched his apartment, said that he had done quite well financially without marrying Merry. There were records of several jewelry transactions, and he had copies of the wills of Merry's parents and her grandfather.

She had a legal right to follow the Count, but an heiress is not much value without her money and that still remained in Papa's keeping. Back in Chicago, the lovelorn Merry denounced her parents' cruelty in frustrating the one love of her life. She explained that the Count's wife was no obstacle because as soon as he signed some papers there. His title was the real thing and he had a mansion at Newport, Rhode Island, a palatial home in Chile and lots of nice things.

"All imagination, except the wife and child," answered the lawyer. But whatever he and the Government think of that title it certainly tickled every Pullman porter with whom he traveled. They all called him "Count George de George."

One thing her friends, parents and even the lawyers feared was only too true. Merry's tears and hysterics were too impressive to doubt. Alas, they had interfered with one of those deep and lasting passions. However, possibly she might forget enough to marry someone else in ten or fifteen years. This hope was fulfilled with the same speed that marks all of the child's activities.

Not ten years but ten evenings later, Merry stepped out to do an errand. At seven, next morning, the Fahrneys' telephone rang. The mother answered and fainted. Mr. Fahrney, as he had often done before, placed her in a chair, got paper and pencil and sat down at the instrument to get the bad news. He learned that his daughter and three men were in the hospital, but all would recover, though a fourth had died, as the result of being in too much of a hurry to drive home from a wedding. The car had run off the road and turned over a couple of times. Mr. Fahrney didn't care whose wedding it was, but he knew his wife would want to know so he asked and received a real surprise.

It was that of his daughter to Frank, the survivor of the two Eisner brothers. The Fahrneys considered that a piece of good news, the only one they have heard in a long time. They said:

"We are glad. Merry has known Frank all her life and he is such a sensible and serious boy."

But is he sensible and serious to take on such a little package of trouble and excitement, of which he has already received a prompt and liberal sample?

Next day another casualty turned up, an innocent bystander who had not been on that fatal ride or even known Merry. Miss Day P., twenty-five years old, blonde and attractive in spite of much weeping, said:

"Frank and I were engaged for three years. We planned to marry in February at which time we felt we'd have enough money saved to start housekeeping. He was most attentive up to the Saturday of Merry's return. A friend told me that she had heard Frank was planning to elope with Merry. I didn't believe it.

"He called me for a 'date' the very night he eloped with Merry—after staying away for almost a week. I was hurt by his attitude and refused the date. My little world seemed to crash down upon me when I heard of his marriage. Now, I am glad I didn't get him. What a vacillating husband he would have been—and will he suffer!"

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The Queerest Accidents of 1933

Odd Twists of Fate by Which a Fish, a Cat and a Chicken Each Shot a Human Being, an Egg "Wounded" a Burglar and Made Him Surrender, and an Aviator, Saved by His Parachute, Was Killed When His Airplane Started an Avalanche

A Texas Woman, Seeing Her Fence Posts Afire and Flames Playing Along the Wires, Threw a Bucket of Water on the Fire and Was Knocked Flat. A High-Tension Wire Had Fallen Across the Fence Some Distance Away and Electrified It.

TO continue the lists of queer accidents presented every year in these pages, 1933 provides the case of a golfer who made a hole in one by aid of a bee sting; another incident when both the fireman and engineer of a speeding passenger train caught fire and fell off; while the train was stopped by the conductor; still a third in which an aviator "bailed out" with his parachute only to have the disabled airplane fall above him on a mountain slope and start an avalanche which killed him; and a workman who had his choice between grasping a live electric wire and falling into a tank of molten metal and who lived to tell about it.

People were shot during the year by a fish, a cat, and a chicken, as well as through hundreds of odd accidents involving human handlers of firearms. Sherlock Holmes was lost in New York City, in the person of a small colored boy of that name whom detectives failed to find, but who ultimately located himself by his own detective abilities. Deaths were caused by a toy automobile, a jigsaw puzzle, a somersault, a girl's elbow, a small burn from a hot pipe, a cat, a sneeze, a mouse and a stolen roll picked up in a restaurant where a previous diner had discarded it.

Last year one of the odd accidents was the case of a New Jersey thief who stole a clock and tried, later on, to sell it to its rightful owner. This year provides a parallel incident, in which the thief of a short-wave radio set was demonstrating it to a prospective customer when the set itself repeated a police broadcast about its own theft. The thief ran but was arrested, and the prospective customer restored the set to its owner.

Several years ago the list of odd accidents included the case of a preacher who dislocated his shoulder while preaching and another year provided the incident of a boy who cracked several of his best girl's ribs by a hug. Nineteen hundred and thirty-three records the still odder case of a New York City young lady who dislocated her shoulder by taking a deep breath.

A Texas Golfer, Stung on the Ankle by a Bee, Saw the Insect and Swung Viciously at It With His Club. Instead of the Bee He Hit the Golf Ball, Which Promptly Rolled 193 Yards for a Hole in One.

Last year one victim of the not uncommon accident of a dislocated jaw was so frightened by the preparation of hospital doctors for the relatively simple operation of closing his mouth once more that he jumped out of the operating room window and was killed. This year the Fates evened the score for the hospital surgeons, for another victim of a similar accident was riding in the ambulance to the operating room when that vehicle struck a bump, the shock of which jarred the opened jaws back into place and cured the patient.

In 1931 the oddest fire undoubtedly was the exploit of the British young man who literally set the Thames River on fire, by spilling gasoline on it and accidentally igniting it. Nineteen hundred and thirty-two matched this by an accident in which a street in Morocco caught fire in the sun and damaged nearby houses. And now 1933 has the still odder report of a grave in a Chicago cemetery, which caught fire and burnt up one hot day in June. The caretaker's explanation was that the grave had been filled in with a kind of peaty, combustible soil instead of ordinary earth.

Investigation of a 52-cent theft put three New York City policemen in the hospital, while a single day in Mount Clemens, Mich., brought to the hospital there three people who had been injured, one by the explosion of a pop bottle, the second by a sandwich and the third by a tombstone. But probably the medal for the greatest oddity of the year should go either to the incident of the English street car which ran away because the heat had melted the asphalt on the street or to the unbelievably unlucky individual reported by the National Safety Council, who happened to knock on the outside of a wooden door at the precise instant when a carpenter inside the door drove a nail through it, into the knocker's knuckles.

The runaway street car was climbing a steep hill in the town of Bath when it suddenly slipped backward down the hill in spite of all that the motorman and conductor could do to stop it. At the foot there was a collision with another car. One woman was killed and fifteen other passengers were injured. Investigation showed that the oily surface of the street paving had melted in the heat and exuded a thin film of oil, some of which had run onto the rails and greased them, so that the brakes failed to hold on the wheels or the wheels to grip the rails.

Other runaway articles of transport play an unusual role in the accidents of 1933. The incident of the train in which both engineer and fireman caught fire happened near the town of Charenton, in France, and never was explained, since both of the unfortunate victims of the flames were killed. Apparently the fireman first caught fire in some way. The engineer went to his aid and himself burst into flames. Crazed by his predicament, the fireman jumped from the cab and was killed by a passing train on the other track. The blazing engineer then tried to climb the tender, apparently to jump into the water tank, but was struck by the roof of a tunnel into which the train just then ran. He also was killed.

As the train then failed to slow up as it should do for an approaching station, the conductor climbed over the tender, found the cab untenanted and stopped the train. What originally set the fireman on fire seems never to have been discovered.

Another railway train, at Wellingborough, England, suddenly started up mysteriously for no reason that ever was discovered and ran for several miles without anyone at all aboard, until finally sidetracked and stopped by signalmen along the line. In the United States, Mr. Walter C. Fredericks, engineer of a fast train on the Erie Railroad, was blown from his cab by a mysterious explosion inside the firebox. The fireman stopped the train. The California town of San Gabriel was attacked by a pilotless airplane, which roared over the roofs of houses and terrorized citizens before it finally crashed, without injuring anyone. An Englishwoman, Mrs. Winifred Smith, was run away with by her husband's motorcycle, which got started in some inexplicable manner while she was alone on the second saddle of the machine.

Two bus drivers, one of New York State and the other in England, died suddenly while at the wheels of their vehicles on the road. In both cases bystanders on the street saw what had happened, sprang into the runaway buses and stopped them. And last of the list of odd runaways is one of a motorboat, the actions of which a previous and more superstitious generation would have attributed to pranks of invisible imps and devils.

Standing quietly at its dock at Portsmouth, England, this seemingly bewitched craft suddenly sprang to life and dashed madly across the small harbor, where it ran into the wall. A dock attendant jumped into the craft and found nobody aboard. Without waiting to solve the mystery, he headed the boat back to the spot from which it had come, upon which the craft promptly blew up altogether, pitched its would-be rescuer into the harbor and immediately sank. Nobody ever discovered why it had done these things.

An equally disconcerting but more soluble mystery was the experience of Mrs. Jessie Dear, of Texas, who looked out of her window to see her fence posts smoking, balls of fire rolling along the fence wires and nearby grass and bushes apparently blazing merrily with a peculiar, crackling kind of flame. Rushing out to throw some buckets of water on the supposed fire, Mrs. Dear was knocked flat as though she had been kicked by a mule. The explanation, experts discovered, was that the fence was not on fire but was electrified. A high voltage electric power line some distance away had fallen on the wires, and the water carried the electricity to Mrs. Dean.

The golfer who got his hole in one by aid of a bee was Mr. Dick Franklin, of Houston, Texas. The bee stung him on the ankle and then hovered over the ball on the tee. Mr. Franklin swung at the bee with his club but missed. Accidentally he hit the ball, which sailed off directly into the cup, 193 yards away, establishing Mr. Franklin as one of the year's darlings of capricious fortune.

Tragically contrary was the experience of an aviator who was overwhelmed by an avalanche, Lieutenant W. Maier, of the Swiss Army. Being compelled to drop out of a disabled airplane over the Alps, Lieutenant Maier took to his parachute and descended safely, apparently out of danger. The airplane, however, continued on its flight and struck the snow slope some thousands of feet away and directly above the spot where the Lieutenant's parachute had deposited him. The impact of the airplane started a snowslide, which grew presently to the dimensions of an avalanche. Before the luckless aviator could make his way across the snow out of the line of the advancing snowslide, it reached and buried him.

The Man Who Had Stolen a Short-Wave Radio Set Was Showing a Prospective Customer How Well It Would Play When Suddenly It Barked a Police Order Broadcasting a Description of Him and the Radio. He Was Arrested.

Incidentally, one of the most curious aviation experiences of the year fell to the lot of a luckier aviator, Pilot E. L. Remlin, of Los Angeles, flying north of San Francisco in October. Mr. Remlin was startled to see sailing along ahead of him, curious flat objects later identified as roofs from barns. A whirlwind or "twister" had lifted them into the air. Fortunately Mr. Remlin was able to avoid any collision between his own craft and these impromptu airplanes.

No quick decision required of aviators ever exceeded that which circumstances required of Mr. Peter Burnand, of Sheffield, England, who slipped while cleaning a window in a factory in that city. Below him was a furnace full of molten metal. The only object which he could grab was an electric wire charged with 1200 volts. He chose the wire, from which he presently was rescued by fellow workmen who themselves were severely shocked before they got him loose. Although unconscious when rescued, Mr. Burnand was revived and recovered; which he certainly would not have done had he dropped into the metal instead of seizing the live wire.

The Swiss Army Aviator, With His Motor Disabled Over the Alps, "Bailed Out" Successfully and Started Down in Safety.

He Made a Successful Landing, but His Unpiloted Plane Continued on at Terrific Speed Until It Struck the Mountainside Above.

The Aviator Would Have Escaped Death but for the Fact That the Plane Crash Started a Snow-Slide, Which Grew Into an Avalanche, Burying Him.

The oddest shooting accident of 1933 probably was the experience of the unlucky fisherman, Mr. Clarence Geno, of Ontario, Canada, who was shot and killed by a fish he already had caught. This fish, still flopping, was thrown by Mr. Geno into the bottom of a canoe in which he was fishing. In the bottom of the same canoe was a loaded rifle. The flops of the fish twisted the fishing line around the trigger, discharged the rifle and shot Mr. Geno through the heart. In the house of Mrs. Virginia Watson in Philadelphia a cat knocked over a shotgun, which was discharged and shot Mrs. Watson's infant daughter in the neck, fortunately not with fatal results. Mr. A. M. Dunnavan, of Rochester, Illinois, rigged up a gun trap to shoot chicken thieves. A fluttering hen flew against the string and shot Mr. Dunnavan himself.

That it is dangerous even to tell a person to put down a gun because that article is dangerous was proved by the experience of Mr. Samuel Wolfson, of New York City, who saw a boy playing with a gun and shouted to him to drop it. The boy was so startled that the gun went off, shot Mr. Wolfson and killed him. In a similar incident in the same city, Mr. Andrew Colletti was practicing target shooting in the basement of his house. A passerby, hearing the shots, summoned a policeman, who rushed into the basement with drawn revolver expecting to find a gang battle in progress. Mr. Colletti was so startled that he dropped his target rifle, which went off and shot him in the stomach.

Three Manhattan boys found a pistol hidden in the hallway of their apartment house. Accidentally it went off and shot all three boys, two in the hand and the other in the arm. In panic, all three youngsters ran upstairs to the mother of two of them. Concluding, not unnaturally, that a gun battle was in progress downstairs, she locked and barricaded the apartment door, keeping the three wounded boys inside. Neighbors sent for the police, who were compelled to break down the door before they could persuade the frightened mother that it was all a mistake and carry off the damaged boys for repairs at a hospital.

Mrs. Watson's cat fortunately did not shoot the baby fatally, but Mr. David Imes, of Norristown, Pennsylvania, was not so lucky. He tripped over the family cat, fell downstairs and died. A pussy in Berlin, Germany, felt so high spirited one day that she jumped through a fourth-story window, lit on a woman passing by on the street below and seriously injured her. A New York City policeman spent a week hunting a cat which had bitten him, so that the cat could be tested for rabies and the policeman would not have to take several weeks off for preventative treatment. The most curious thing is that he found the cat.

Mr. Jonathan Jones, of Herefordshire, England, died from the bite of a lamb, the wound becoming infected with dangerous germs. A diner in a Chicago restaurant, desiring to make sure that the lobsters were fresh, asked that one of them be sent in from the kitchen for him to look over. They were sent, the waiter proved to be still alive and one of them nipped the inquisitive diner on the end of his nose, resulting in a damage suit against the restaurant.

The fire department of Berlin, Germany, was called out to remove from the beard of an old gentleman in a public park a swarm of bees which had settled there during the old gentleman's afternoon nap. In a Chicago suburb a citizen rushed into the police station shouting that there was a wolf at his door. Rejecting the police sergeant's assurance that this was nothing unusual in these depression days, the visitor insisted that the wolf was real; which it was. The police turned it over to the zoo.

Neither 1932 nor 1933 produced any record of the traditional news event, a man biting a dog, but 1933 provided something just as good. In Brooklyn, a puppy bit a man and promptly fell dead, apparently from too great exertion in biting. Another dog wrecked an automobile and killed the driver by jumping at a critical moment. Other automobiles were wrecked by a mouse, a sneeze on the part of the driver, a bee sting and a wasp, causing the driver to lose control of the car. In London, one day last January, traffic first was tied up by a mouse and then by an elephant, both of which frightened women so that they collided, fell over and stopped everything until they had been stood upright and shepherded to a place of public safety.

A boy in New Rochelle, New York, stood on a toy automobile to adjust a rope on the rafter of his playroom. The auto slipped out, the rope tightened around the boy's neck and he was hanged. A man in Halifax, Nova Scotia, lost a card game and agreed to turn a somersault as a forfeit. Something snapped. It was discovered that his neck was broken. During a dance at Brockville, Ontario, a boy was struck in the temple by his sister's elbow. He died. The distinguished British automobilist and racing driver, Sir Henry Birkin, burned his arm slightly on the hot exhaust pipe of his racing car during a race in Africa. Germ infection set in and killed him. Working at a jigsaw puzzle, Mr. Charles Leidhold, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, finally found the missing piece that fitted. He was so much pleased that he dropped dead from heart failure.

In Berlin, Germany, the Fire Department Was Called Out to Catch a Swarm of Bees That Had Settled in the Beard of an Old Gentleman While He Was Taking a Nap on a Bench in One of the Public Parks.

New York Policemen, Cornering a Burglar in a Grocery Store, Were Surprised When He Ran Out to Surrender, Crying, "I'm Shot!" An Egg Falling From a Shelf Had Struck Him on the Head and Burst, and He Thought He Was Wounded.

Mount Clemen's day of three odd accidents began with an exploding pop bottle, which sent in the first injury. Next was a sandwich thrown at a speeding automobile, so that it broke the windshield and sent the driver to a hospital to be treated for cuts. Finally a tombstone toppled over and injured a man caught underneath it.

One of the three New York City policemen hurt in arresting the 52-cent thief shot himself in the excitement in the store where the robber was found and captured. The other two wrecked their police auto on the way to jail with the culprit. The thief himself was uninjured. Another New York burglar was being hunted by police at night, after mysterious noises had been heard in a closed grocery store. Suddenly a cry of "I'm shot" was heard in the darkness and the culprit staggered out. The policemen were puzzled, as no shot had been fired by them. Presently the mystery of the "blood" streaming down the burglar's face was explained. An egg had fallen off a shelf overhead, hit him on the head and flowed down over his countenance.

Perhaps the year's oddest crime was one still unexplained. Making his way home one dark night, Mr. William Clark, of Detroit, Michigan, was stopped by two hold-up men who presented pistols, forced open Mr. Clark's mouth and proceeded to extract and steal both his sets of false teeth, uppers and lowers. Neither Mr. Clark nor anyone else ever has been able to imagine why. To make this up to the false-teeth industry, however, the dog of Mrs. W. P. T. Baugham, of Pleasant Ridge, Michigan, brought home one day a set of false teeth which it had found elsewhere. Mrs. Baugham advertised the find and interviewed a long succession of false-teeth losers, but never found the right one.

Mr. William J. Harris, of Boston, claims to be the world's only accidental pickpocket. Just at the turn of the year he came home with some other man's watch and chain hanging, unknown to him, on one of the outside buttons of his heavy overcoat; it was decided that it had caught there in the rush-hour crowd and had been pulled out of the owner's pocket. Return of beer brought back to the news an accident long unfamiliar. No less than four beer kegs in different parts of the country blew up in 1933 at parties or picnics, with considerable damage to the clothes and persons of bystanders, who, perhaps, had expected plenty of beer but not in exactly that way.

An Unlucky Ontario Fisherman Was Shot by the Fish He Had Caught. The Fish, Flopping in the Bottom of His Canoe, Got Tangled in a Fishing Line Which Fouled Itself Around the Trigger of a Loaded Rifle, Discharging It.

Most tragic of all the year's occurrences, however, was probably the fate of an elderly woman who picked up a discarded roll in a Broadway restaurant and ate it, hoping to save herself the cost of that part of a meal purchased especially for herself. In a few moments she collapsed and died. The roll had been poisoned. Still more to the mystification of the detectives, at almost exactly the same hour a strange man dropped dead in the washroom of the same restaurant, although his body was not found until later. At first the authorities suspected a double murder or perhaps a suicide pact. The real truth, however, was odder and more tragic.

The male victim, it was decided, had poisoned two rolls, intending to eat them as a means of suicide. One he did eat, and it proved enough to kill him. A little later the woman came along, saw the other roll, picked it up and added the find to her meagre trayful of breakfast. Unsuspectingly, she ate that half of the deadly dose, the other half of which already had been the end of the male suicide.

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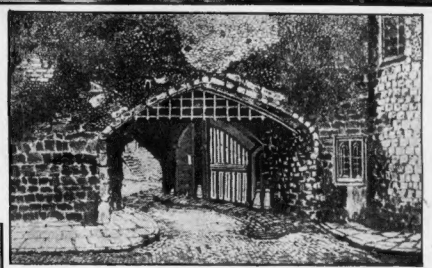
Who Killed the Little Princes in the Tower?

Documents Which Indicate Henry VII Ordered Them Suffocated, but a New Examination of Their Pitiful Bones Confirms the Belief That Richard III Was the Assassin

The Two "Little Princes in the Tower" About to Ascend the Stairway of the Tower of London to the Bedroom Where They Are Supposed to Have Been Murdered by Richard III. This Spot Is Now Pointed Out to Visitors. (From the Painting by Sir John Millais.) And on the Right—Queen Elizabeth, Sister of the Little Princes in the Tower. She Was the Wife of King Henry VII, Who Is Now Said to Have Put Them to Death in Order to Secure His Hold on the Throne.



Gateway of the Tower of London in Which the Little Princes Were Lodged and From Which So Many of the Famous Characters in English Medieval History Went to Their Death.

The Traditional Way in Which the Little Princes in the Tower Are Supposed to Have Been Murdered by Their Cruel Uncle, King Richard III, as Accepted by Shakespeare and Most Historians.

King Henry VII, the Merciless Founder of the House of Tudor, Who Is Now Accused by Historian Lindsay of Causing the Murders in the Tower, Instead of Richard III, Long Reviled as the Greatest Villain in English History.

THE murder of the two little Princes in the Tower of London, one of the most pitiful tragedies in all history, has always been attributed to their uncle, King Richard III.

All the historians and the genius of Shakespeare have combined to paint a heart-stirring picture of the two little golden-haired boys, Edward, Prince of Wales, and Richard, Duke of York, sons of the dead King Edward IV, sent to the gloomy Tower by their uncle and guardian, Richard III, to whose care their father had entrusted them, but who had seized the throne.

At night the boys in bed cling to one another for comfort, when three murderers hired by their uncle—Sir James Tyrrel and two ruffians named Dighton and Forrest—enter to slay them.

Shakespeare makes one of the assassins describe the scene in these immortal words:

"... girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their Summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay."

The book of prayers almost undid the assassins, who, by this compunction, showed themselves less brutal than the tyrant responsible for their assignment, but—

"... We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed."

Sir James Tyrrel thus reports the completion of the crime:

"The tyrannous and bloody deed is done.
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

The boys' bodies were found buried without any inscription under a stairway of the White Tower in 1674. King Charles II, satisfied that they were the missing Edward V and his brother, had them buried in Westminster Abbey.

But now an English historical writer, Philip Lindsay, has unearthed strong documentary evidence that the Princes were not killed by Richard III but by Henry VII, who killed and succeeded him. Everything hinges on the vital discovery that Richard was lawfully entitled to the throne because his brother had a wife before he married the mother of the boys, who were consequently illegitimate. Richard, therefore, had no strong reason for killing them.

On the other hand, according to Mr. Lindsay, Henry Tudor, later Henry VII, had the strongest reasons for killing them. His own claim to the throne was rather poor and rested on the fact that he was descended from a son of King Edward III, the Duke of Lancaster—"old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster"—by his mistress, Katherine Swinford, a plebeian woman, whom the Duke in a good-natured and inebriated mood married two months before the boy's birth.

When Henry Tudor was conspiring to get Richard III's life and throne, his followers suggested he would immensely strengthen his position by marrying Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV and sister of the Princes in the Tower, so that he could claim to represent the rival Houses of York and Lancaster.

Henry cheerfully agreed to this, but in order to derive any benefit from the marriage he had to declare the Princess illegitimate. But then, if she were illegitimate, her brothers would be rightful heirs to the throne, and Henry's claim would be worthless. He was in a dilemma, but history shows he always got out of such difficulties.

His most politic course was to remove the boys, who, Mr. Lindsay shows, were kept safely in the Tower during Richard's reign. But Henry dared not murder them openly, for even medieval England would have rebelled at such a crime. Therefore, after he had secured the throne and married Princess Elizabeth he had them secretly killed and buried. Then he saddled the crime on the dead Richard. All the official records of Richard's short reign were destroyed by Henry's orders, and he caused his paid historian, Polydore Vergil, an Italian, to write an account telling how the boys were killed by their uncle's orders.

After Henry obtained the throne, Sir James Tyrrel, long a creature of Richard, was raised to a high rank by the new King, and the two ruffians, Forrest and Dighton, were taken care of.

Henry, it is admitted by most historians, was quite capable of the crime, for he was an utterly merciless, cold-blooded, scheming ruler, who exterminated all kinsmen of the previous King.

But no sooner had Lindsay's surprising revelations become public than new, scientific evidence was found that the murders were actually committed by Richard. Dr. William Wright, dean of the London Hospital, in Whitechapel, and President of the British Anatomical Society, removed the bones from their urn in Westminster Abbey and closely studied them for six months. He has just announced his conclusions that their bones show the elder was not above twelve years and the younger not above ten. The elder would have been twelve in 1483, the time of Richard's usurpation of the throne. Henry VII was at this time hiding in France and could not have murdered the boys if they died then. He did not return to England until 1485.

Dr. Wright found the boys were exceptionally tall for their age, the elder four feet nine, which may be explained by the fact that their father stood six feet three and a half inches. But the development of the bones showed that the elder Prince was not above twelve. There was an injury to his face, suggesting that this might have been partly the cause of his death. The disinterment was made with solemn ceremony in the presence of the Dean of Westminster Abbey and the Keeper of Muniments of the Abbey, and the bones were returned to their resting place with equal ceremony.

So the problem now is to decide whether to accept the interesting documentary evidence discovered by Mr. Lindsay, or the scientific conclusions of distinguished surgeons.

First, consider Richard's record as compiled by the historians.

Richard was born the youngest son of the Duke of York, a member of the royal house, and lived through the Wars of the Roses, when the rival branches of York and Lancaster fought one another for the throne with a ferocity that has never been surpassed, brothers killing brothers and noblemen murdering the women and children of their kinsmen in bed, and even in church. Richard's father was killed by the Lancastrians when a prisoner after the battle of Wakefield, and this may well have given a sanguinary bent to his disposition.

One of his earliest achievements, according to some authorities, was to kill the young Prince of Wales, son of King Henry VI, of the House of Lancaster, when the Yorkists were ahead and the boy was a prisoner.

Later Richard murdered King Henry VI, a pious, kindly man, who could not hold his own in the savage warfare and was kept a prisoner in the Tower for five years. All the authorities show that Richard had some part in this crime, and even Mr. Lindsay admits that he was concerned in it and may have been present, but pleads that it was done by order of his brother, Edward IV, and that he showed his sorrow by having many masses said for the deceased King. Shakespeare makes Richard stab the King and utter the terrible words:

"Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither."

Meeting the young Princess of Wales, whose husband he had murdered years before, coming from the funeral of her father-in-law whom he had just murdered, Richard wooed and won her by his deadly powers of fascination.

George, Duke of Clarence, second brother of Edward IV and consequently ahead of Richard in the line for the throne, became obnoxious to his elder brother on account of his plotting with the Lancastrians and was removed to the Tower, by the King's orders, but not condemned to death. There he died suddenly, and all historians agree that Richard carried out the task of removing George. "False, fleeting, perjured Clarence," Shakespeare makes Richard call his brother.

Clarence was a notorious drunkard, and a famous story, repeated by many of the old chroniclers, is that he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, his favorite tipple. Molinet, the old French chronicler, who stayed at the court of Henry VII for a time, humorously related that Clarence was given the choice of dying any way he liked, and that he himself chose the butt of Malmsey.

Mr. Lindsay does not attempt to disprove that Richard attended to disposing of his brother, but says it was done by order of the King, and that Clarence was such a worthless traitor that he deserved what he got.

Then came the death of Edward IV, the murder of the two Princes in the Tower, and the usurpation of the throne by Richard. All the time other butcheries went on madly. When he was charging his brother's widow with bewitching him, Lord Hastings, the highest official under Edward, remarked that, "if true," the charge was a serious one.

"If," roared Richard; "dost thou say 'if' to me, thou traitor?"

Richard had Hastings dragged out into the yard outside the council hall and beheaded on a log of firewood.

A member of the royal family, the Duke of Buckingham, becoming alarmed at Richard's butcheries, went over to the side of Henry VII. Richard captured him and had him beheaded.

"Off with his head. So much for Buckingham," were the callous words Richard used in disposing of this cousin, according to Shakespeare.

But important men, alarmed by his mad cruelties, continued to flock to the crafty Henry VII until at last he ventured to land in England. Richard rushed to meet him, swearing he would kill him, but was defeated at the battle of Bosworth and fell.

All the cruelties charged against Richard are, of course, of less heinousness than that of killing the two nephews entrusted to him by their father, and may be excused by the conditions of the times. Mr. Lindsay, in his book, "Richard III: a Chronicle" (published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson, London), produces detailed evidence that he did not commit the murders and had no motive for doing so, and publishes many little known facts, showing that the boys were not legitimate, because their father was not legally married to their mother:

"On June 8, 1483, while the council was sitting, Dr. Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, suddenly told the truth: Edward had been betrothed to the Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of a son of Lord Butler of Sudeley, some time before his marriage to Elizabeth Woodville. A betrothal before witnesses was in those days as legally binding as a marriage ceremony itself."

So Richard locked the little boys in the Tower for safe-keeping and assumed the crown with the approval of the Lord Mayor of London and other dignitaries. The widowed Queen and her kinsmen had started a conspiracy to put young Edward on the throne. Richard caught the men and beheaded them. The Queen and her five daughters took sanctuary at Westminster, and Richard invited them to come out and enjoy his hospitality in these quaint words:

"I promise and swear that if the daughters of Elizabeth Grey, late calling herself Queen of England, to wit, Elizabeth, Cecily, Anne, Katharine and Bridget, will come to me out of the sanctuary of Westminster, and be guided, ruled, and demeaned after me, then I shall see that they shall be in surety of their lives, and also not suffer any manner hurt by any manner person or persons to them in their bodies and persons to be done, by way of ravishing or defiling contrary to their wills, nor them nor any of them imprison in the Tower of London or any other prison, etc."

The fallen Queen accepted this offer for herself and her daughters, and all were well treated. Would she have accepted such an offer from a man who had just murdered her sons?

It has already been shown what strong reasons Henry VII had for killing the boys. Mr. Lindsay analyzes all the old chroniclers' stories of their death and shows that they were written in Henry's time and subsidized by him. Sir Thomas More's version alleged that Sir James Tyrrel confessed the crime:

"Sir James devised that they should be murdered in their beds; to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four who kept them, a fellow flesh-bred in murder before time. To him he joined his horsekeeper, John Dighton, a big, broad, strong knave. They smothered the children, and Tyrrel ordered the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, metely deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones. Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder, who gave him great thanks and, as some say, made him a knight."

But Mr. Lindsay argues that this contains details only known to Bishop Morton, a creature of Henry, and peculiarities of language used by him, and that it was inserted in Sir Thomas More's papers after his death.

Altogether Mr. Lindsay paints a remarkably sympathetic picture of Richard as a kind-hearted, generous man, instead of a monster.

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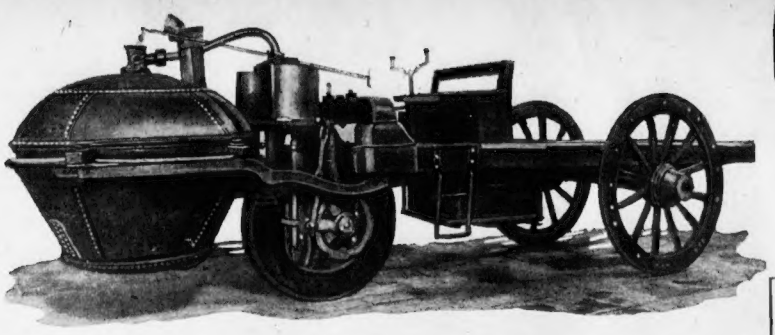
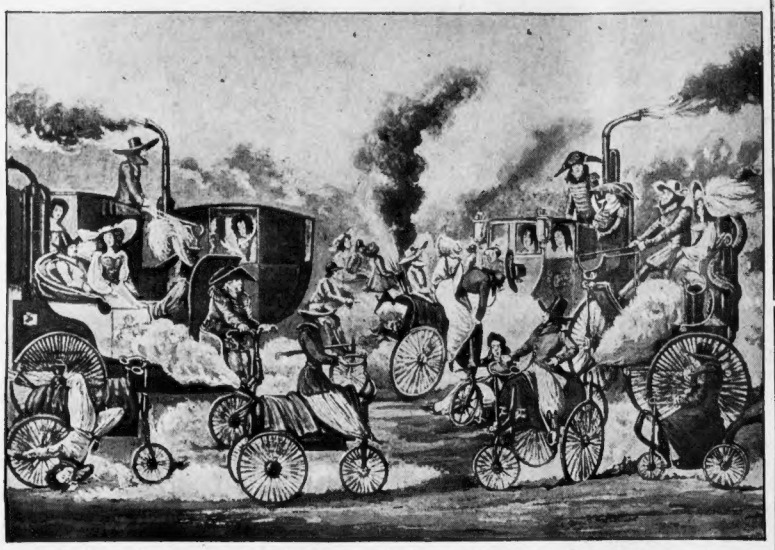
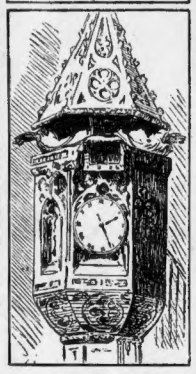
How Every N

Interesting Old Cartoons Which Ma "Flying Machines," "Horseless Ca and "Steam Coaches" as Crazy I Ridiculed as Follies the Inventi Suspenders, Corsets, and Barber Sh





An Early Ancestor of the Automobile, Built in 1770 by Cugnot and Run by Steam. This Application of Power to Assist Man to Get Over the Earth Was Ridiculed by Such Cartoons as Is Shown Above, Where Steam Is Applied to Vehicles, Large and Small, and One of Them in the Centre of the Picture Is Exploding.



When the First Application Was Made of Using the Clock to Regulate Mechanisms, a Cartoon Suggested That It Be Applied to Clergymen Addicted to Long Sermons. When It Was Time for Him to Stop It Was Suggested That the Clock Mechanism Should Be Set So That It Would Let Down the Roof of the Pulpit and Shut the Preacher In—and Shut Him Up.

When the Corset Was Invented It Was Ridiculed, and T Might Be Applied to Women With Generous Natural Upho

Even the Useful and Intelligent Invention of Suspend Above Picture, Which Shows Suspenders Being Put

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WHEN knives and forks were first introduced in England an outcry went up against them and clergymen pointed out that to use them was an affront to the Almighty Who had provided fingers and thumbs. When the first umbrellas made their appearance they were ridiculed as silly and also abused as dangerous. Baking powder was at first greeted with derision and fear and cartoonists made pictures of the whole family rising to the ceiling, their stomachs inflated and distended with the new baking powder bread.

And so inventions good, bad or indifferent have been received with hostility, jeers and sometimes mob violence. This instinct, so strong in the human race and seemingly so stupid, really saves it from rushing off on fatal experiments.

It is perhaps not surprising that when the good but slightly ignorant people of London heard that their streets were to be lighted with gas instead of the dim, old, oil lamps, they held mass meetings of protest. Nobody knew what gas was, so it had to be described as something made from coal. What could that be but smoke? London railed at the idea of lighting itself with "smoke." But the scheme worked so well for public and private illumination, that when Edison's electric light bulb replaced it there were wails of fear that the whole population might be electrocuted.

Of course there is real danger in gas and electricity unless properly controlled but there was no such fear of sudden death to justify the consternation and disapproval aroused when bobbed hair caused women to invade the barber shop which, up to that time, had been a sanctuary sacred exclusively to the male. But the barber shop is not a very old institution and not so long ago had to pass through its own baptism of ridicule as a crazy, new idea.

Shaving is one of the oldest human customs. Prehistoric man left bronze and iron razors in his graves and even the caveman had what seems to have been flint razors. Down through the ages fashionable men sometimes went shaven, sometimes not, according to the ever-changing style. The shaving was done by one of the man's household servants. There were also a few barbers who besides hairdressing also shaved their patrons, but the barber had no shop and went to his customer's home. All this was too expensive for the average man who simply let his whiskers grow.

The creation of the modern barber shop was caused by the most unlikely thing one could imagine, the peruke or powdered wig. When this became popular all over Europe in the early eighteenth century, it made unimportant what sort of a haircut a man might have underneath the wig. His wife could now put a bowl on his head and with her scissors trim it up plenty well enough. Instead of this hurting the few barbers there were, it turned out to be the greatest boon for their business that ever happened until the recent bobbed-hair epidemic.

The powdered wigs were white and therefore did not match the brown, black, red or even gray whiskers with which Nature had tried to conceal the masculine countenance. As the peruke could not be matched, there was nothing for its wearer to do but give himself up to the barber, whose calls were too costly for any but the wealthy. For the average man some sort of cheap cash-and-carry, quantity production shaving scheme had to be invented, and the first barber shop was the answer.

The modern barber shop carries a few sidelines, such as shoe-shining and manicuring. The original barber shop, as a sideline, competed with the medical profession, performing blood-letting, at that time considered a grand cure-all for most everything, and also tackling minor operations, such as lancing boils, removing ingrowing nails and extracting teeth. The modern red and white barber pole was created at that time and placed in front of the shops to represent a bandaged limb.

Nobody seems to have protested much at the somewhat alarming idea of barbers going in for surgery. It was the quantity of shaves, like a factory, that seemed so incongruous to our ancestors and so natural to us. An early eighteenth century print depicting a "shaving mill" powered by a horse gives an idea of the ridicule heaped on the newfangled barber shop. Here are shown a group of fashionable gentlemen inserting their faces into circular apertures where revolving razors, driven by the one-horse power motor, are supposed to be doing a quick job of shaving, on the nickel-in-a-slot plan. The idea of course is ridiculous, but that is what the caricaturist wanted to convey—his opinion of the absurd custom of everybody getting shaved in barber shops.

After powdered wigs went out of fashion around the end of the eighteenth century, men's faces started getting hairy again and for a hundred years it was regarded as a sign of virility for a man to have whiskers. But when the safety razor was invented some twenty-five years ago and cheap, easy shaves became possible for everybody, whiskers went by the board again.

Even the Umbrella Was Cartoomed as an Uncertain and Dangerous Implement. And This Picture Shows an Umbrella Falling Apart and the Old Lady Screaming in Fright.

The housewife, when she reaches for the can of baking powder, little realizes the outcries of hatred, derision and fear that greeted this innocent little aid to cooking when it first tried to get onto the kitchen shelf. It was "cooking with chemicals," which they were sure must be a dreadful thing, certain to ruin a man's stomach, if it did not poison him outright.

In vain the manufacturers tried to tell them that all their powder did was produce gas, in the dough just as the yeast did. It was these gas bubbles that caused the dough to rise. That scared them worse than ever. If the chemicals caused gas in the dough, they might keep right on doing it after the bread was eaten. It might make a balloon of anyone who ate such bread.

The old German picture reproduced on this page, drawn about 1860, shows how newspapers and magazines ridiculed the idea of anybody eating bread cooked with baking powder. In this cartoon the whole family, full of carbonic acid gas, is shown floating to the ceiling after partaking of the newfangled bread. The idea of using baking powder was howled down lustily for years, yet it made its converts steadily and in the end it came into more universal use than yeast as an ingredient of bread.

Yeast is everywhere—in the atmosphere attached to particles of dust—and that is what makes all sweet things ferment when they are left exposed to air for a certain length of time. But yeast in quantity for baking has to be bought and has to be kept in the ice box, and the baking powder can, always in readiness on the shelf, has amplified it after thousands of years. Archeologists exploring tombs in Egypt found yeast in old beer urns and in grave-offering bread that had been left there forty centuries ago, so there is no doubt as to its antiquity. It was also used medicinally by the ancients, Hippocrates recommending it highly, and the monks of the Middle Ages prescribed it as a remedy for the plague.

Though everybody used it, nobody knew what yeast was or how it worked, until quite modern times. Yeast was a nuisance, too, because until the latter part of the nineteenth century, it was not prepared and sold commercially but had to be obtained from the nearest brewer or borrowed from a neighbor and thereafter carefully grown because yeast is a fungus plant. It attacks sugars and starches breaking up the molecules into water, alcohol and carbonic acid gas.

In beer the alcohol was retained and the gas bubbled off when the bottle was opened. In breadmaking, the only useful member of the three was the carbonic acid gas which, in the form of bubbles, caused the dough to rise. The alcohol and the water evaporated away in the baking.

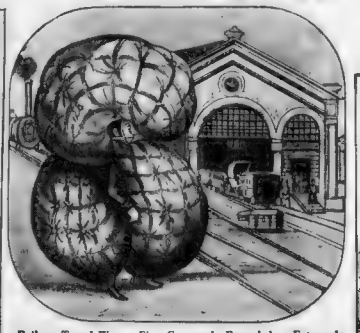
About 1860 an enterprising European chemist, knowing that there were simple chemicals that would have the same action on dough that yeast has, perfected the first baking powder by mixing common baking soda, or sodium bicarbonate, with cream of tartar, which is also known as potassium acid tartrate. When the mixture was moistened the acid tartrate and the soda neutralized each other, and carbonic acid gas was released, just as yeast does it in the presence of sugar. The chemist found that alum when mixed with soda would do the same thing.

This substitute for yeast could be prepared commercially, kept in cans for an indefinite period, and was much more convenient for the

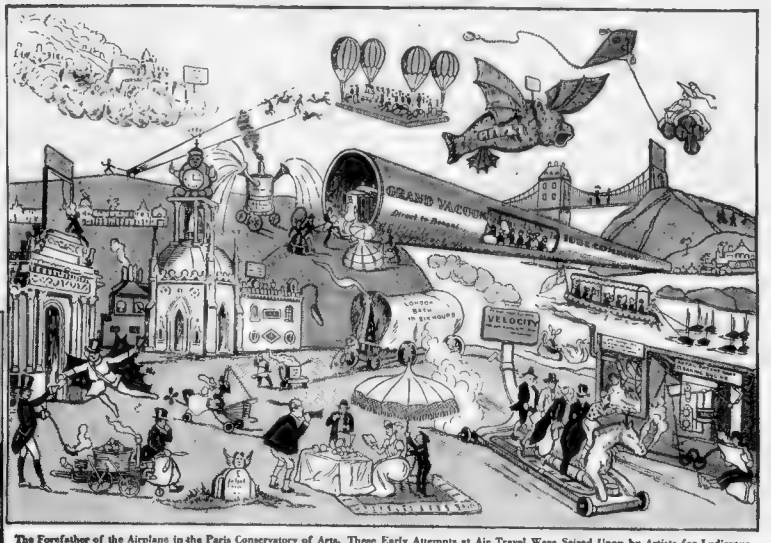
lew Invention Has Been Laughed At

ıde Fun of ırriages" deas and on of Umbrellas ops

This Cartoon Suggested How P lotery by the Use of Windlasses.



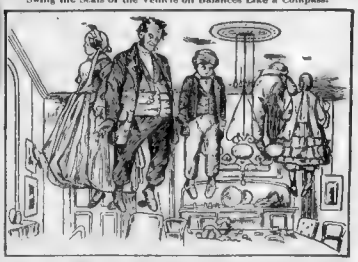
Railway Travel Was at First Commonly Regarded as Extremely Hazardous to Life and Limb. Therefore a Cartoonist Was Moved to Design the Above Picture to Protect a Daring Passenger Who Braved the Dangers of the Rail.



The Forefather of the Airplane in the Paris Conservatory of Arts. These Early Attempts at Air Travel Were Seized Upon by Artists for Ludicrous Pictures Ridiculing the Application of Power for Man's Locomotion on Land, Waters and in the Air, as Shown in the Above Cartoon.

ıre Was Lampooned as in the On a Man With a Crane.

When It Was Suggested That the Jolting and Rocking of Horse-Drawn Vehicles Might Be Relieved by the Application of Springs, a Doubting Artist Suggested That a Better Way Would Be to Swing the Seats of the Vehicle on Balances Like a Compass.



When in 1860 the Newly Invented Baking Powder Made Bread Rise, the Cartoonists Went a Step Further and Showed the Family Being Lifted to the Ceiling After Having Eaten Baking Powder Bread.

housewife than yeast, which at that time she had to make. Though this useful and harmless invention was resisted and retarded through ignorance and misunderstanding, the general instinct and principle behind the opposition was sound. Chemicals, as a rule, should not be added to food, though, of course, one can make the not very sensible objection that salt is a chemical. A generation ago most countries of the world were forced to pass stringent pure-food laws preventing manufacturers from putting all sorts of harmful dyes and preservatives into foods.

There are people living today who can recall the furious opposition, ridicule and downright terror inspired by first the railroads, then the trolleys and finally the automobile. It is not hard to realize even today how the first locomotive, clattering, puffing and belching smoke, upset the peaceful countryside. Animals, wild or tame, fled from the monster; and the farmer, who had never considered such a problem before, can hardly be blamed for believing that the smoke and gases would poison the pure country air and kill his crops. Only a brave person would ride on trains when he could travel safely by stage coach.

In 1847 a German cartoonist showed the general feeling of the day toward railroads. The artist was an inventor himself having devised a "safety suit" of clothes made of featherbeds and extra thick pillows in which the traveller, his wife, childen and even dog were to be dressed before taking the awful chance of riding on a train.

Trolleys, because they ran through crowded city streets, were considered an even greater menace and loud were the demands to prohibit them by law. It was no imagination, because the street car death rate was at one time seriously large. But the masses had found a cheap and convenient transportation and refused to have it stopped, no matter how many might be run over. After all, nobody need be hit by a car that runs on rails.

The first automobiles not only ran over people but they often killed without actually touching anybody. Horses, at sight of these strange new apparitions on the road, would run away and cause fatal accidents. As the first automobiles were owned only by rich people, "soak-the-rich" laws were passed against them in many places, reducing the speed limit sometimes to four miles an hour and in some places requiring the driver of a motor car whenever he approached a horse-drawn vehicle to stop, get out and lead the horse by the head past his car. Then the general public got to owning cars and these "jackass laws" were quickly repealed.

Before the first practical locomotive or automobile actually appeared there were plenty of signs that the inventive mind of man was about to give birth to something of the kind and the world began ridiculing the event even before it happened.

A horseless carriage or stage coach propelled by a steam engine, was occasionally to be seen painfully lumbering over the roads of England in 1828, when the caricature shown on this page was printed in an English magazine. Only two years after that there was a regular steam carriage service in operation between the cities of Gloucester and Cheltenham. But the humorists had had a lot of fun out of the new invention which "some fanatic named James Watts" had proposed. The caricaturist who drew the picture on this page looked forward laughingly to the time when the roads would be cluttered up with all sorts of small vehicles running by their own power, even ridiculous tricycles with engines in them. He thought he was depicting with fine humor the absurdity of any such idea being practical, but he himself probably lived to see the whole civilized world depend upon the railroad train in practical commercial operation.

In trying to be ridiculous the artist went as far as his imagination would take him and no doubt thought he had made a fool of the whole idea, but he didn't go even far enough to equal sober fact of today. What would that scoffer think if he could see modern traffic at its peak in a big city, with horseless carriages bigger and ten times more powerful than he dreamed of, interspersed with the motor-tricycles he thought were a joke and even motors on two wheels, all as orderly and disciplined as soldiers on parade and controlled by the changing color of a light?

If travelling without a horse was an idea to be ridiculed, then flying was sheer insanity and anyone who tried was set down as a lunatic. Even when the great artist Leonardo da Vinci worked on a project for flying he was roundly jeered. In 1697, science had reached a point where two German physicists made the suggestion that if a hollow sphere could be emptied of air it would rise and carry weight, even human beings as passengers. The idea was right in principle and the only trouble was that if they made the sphere light enough, it would collapse. They were only a hair's breadth away from the modern balloon, a sphere containing a lighter-than-air gas or its equivalent, hot air.

However, their suggestion called forth much laughter and derision. The suggested airship design of 1697, a picture published in a German magazine that year, was humorously intended. Its purpose was to show how absurd was the idea of a ship sailing through the air, with four spheres to hold it up and a sail to catch the wind. This and other humorous pictures and articles laughed the idea off for nearly a century.

Then, less than a hundred years later the Frenchmen, Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier, actually did what the Germans had forecast by ascending with a balloon filled with hot air. They made their successful experiment in 1783, and after they had shown the way the development of the practical balloon followed rapidly. When Paris was besieged during the Franco-Prussian War, the Frenchmen frequently sailed over the heads of the astonished besieging force to land with messages safely beyond the lines.

Ludwig Berblinger, a tailor of Ulm, Germany, had among his customers some of the most important persons in town and therefore should have been careful to do nothing frivolous and unseemly. But Ludwig was an inventor who believed he could fly in a sort of glider with cloth wings and risked his life and business by trying it in 1811. He fell into the river and was fished out amid roars of laughter by the highly amused citizens who from then on had no doubt that he was insane. In spite of the caricature printed on this page and simular scorn, he tried it again, failed and got nothing but ridicule to the end of his days. Yet he was one of the world's great minds for he had anticipated the principle of the modern glider.

Thirty-one years afterwards two Englishmen named Springfellow and Hanson succeeded in getting into the air with a steam-driven machine that closely resembled the monoplane of today, but it required 61 years more of various experiments before the Wright brothers made the first successful airplane flight. One of the smartest things the Wrights did was to conduct their experiments so far from civilization that smart-alecks could not disturb them with their laughter.

Anyone can see that certain inventions would be dangerous if they fail and revolutionary if they succeed and therefore spectators may well become excited about them. But it is hard to understand why the world pounced upon the first collapsible umbrella with such a fury of ridicule. Umbrellas as sunshades and protection against rain were used by Greeks and Romans of classic times but these had not been collapsible.

The folding umbrella as we know it today, with its high ribbed frame of steel or cane covered with silk or cotton, was invented by a German during the latter part of the eighteenth century. It was put on the market at a time when ladies and gentlemen of fashion always depended upon closed carriages when they were going anywhere in bad weather.

An idea of how "perfectly silly" the new ap-

Continued on Page 16

The New Fur Jackets

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Strikingly Original Model by Dupouy Magnin. It Begins With a Jacket Suit of Black Novelty Woolen Material, Woven in Stripes. The Jacket and Skirt Are of the Utmost Simplicity. Over the Jacket Is Worn a Second Jacket of Monkey Fringe, Coming Below the Belt, With Short Cap Sleeves. This Is Tied at the Neck With a Big Bow of Either Black or White Satin Ribbon, and the Suit Is Worn With a Blouse of Either Black or White Satin, Matching the Bow. The Belt Is of Silver and Polished Black Wood.

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

For Evening, the Fur Jacket Rivals the Fur Cape. The Cape Is Much Worn When the Weather Is Not Too Severe, and Replaced by a Jacket or Three-Quarter Coat on Cold Nights. The Fur Here Is Extremely Fine Gray Caracul. The Coat Is Cut Straight and Unfitted, and There Is a Small Standing Military Collar. The Sleeves Are Elbow Length and Bordered With a Deep Band of Gray Fox. The Edge of the Coat Is Also Bordered With Gray Fox, While the Collar Is Left Plain and Simple. Madame Leroy Also Does This Coat in White Ermine With White Fox, and in Summer Ermine With Beige Fox.

Madame Leroy Shows Fur Jackets for All Times of Day. Here Is a Typical Afternoon One in Shaded Gray Persian Lamb, Very Fine Skins. That Look as If They Were Frosted. The Length Is Three-Quarter, and the Coat Is Closely Fitted and Has a Curved Line in the Front. The Simple Small Shawl Collar Is Used Because of the Slight Shoulder Extension, for a Big Collar and Wide Sleeves Would Give Too Much Bulk. This Is Worn in the Sketch With a Frock of Mouse-Colored Velvet and a Velvet Toque.

PARIS, Dec. 14

THE furrier who first thought of cutting off the skirts of a long fur coat and giving it a three-quarter, or jacket length, did us good service. In these days of fluctuating hat lengths, changing from ten to twelve inches from the floor in the morning to a mere six in the afternoon, and to ankle or slipper heel length at the cocktail hour, a coat that is supposed to reach the hemline of the short frock would be an impossibility. There would have to be as many coats as frocks, and if they were all to be of fur this would be a pretty penny.

A few years ago, then, the short fur jacket was invented, and soon after it the even more useful three-quarter length. This year such little coats are more than ever in demand, and women like them for all times of the day for all occasions. On this page you will see one for morning, one for afternoon, one for evening, and a little or two suitable to any time of day.

The morning one is made of ocelot. This is a variety of leopard, thinner, more supple, with less regular markings. It also has the merit of being less expensive. It has reached considerable popularity this year, often being used as a trimming fur by Patou, Molyneux, Lanvin, Mainbocher, and other houses. It combines well with black, dark brown, very deep blue, or dark green, which are all popular colors of the daytime mode just now. The other day, at Molyneux's, I saw the Baroness Edouard de Rothschild wearing a bright green suit from Molyneux, which had collar and revers, cuffs, toque and muff of ocelot, while beside her was a friend in a black broadcloth coat-frock, with a "tire" collar of leopard round her neck, tied under one ear with a big black velvet bow. Notice in this model from Patou that he has retained the basque idea in the jacket, not exaggerated, but arranged to make the slim waist look even slimmer.

Madame Leroy, whose house is called Fourrures Max, favors the jacket for all times of day. For morning she likes the square-cornered, short box shape, in various flat furs. For afternoon, she would have us in something a bit more formal in cut. The three-quarter length fitted jacket of shaded gray Persian lamb, drawn on this page, is reminiscent of a man's morning coat. The skins of which it is made are very fine, natural colored, and look as if they were frosted. She keeps the collar small and simple, because she has cut the sleeves with a slight extension on the shoulder. This mode, however, is on its way out, and for a garment worn as long as a fur coat I should prefer a normal shoulder-seam. Slight fullness in the sleeves is another matter. The majority of sleeves, even coat sleeves, at the moment in Paris are still full somewhere, though not excessively so.

For the evening, Madame Leroy sees no reason why we should not choose a fine flat caracul, instead of imagining that nothing less than ermine will do. She adopts the new idea of concentrating the gray fox trimming at the end of the sleeves and the hem of the coat, and leaving the neck and shoulder lines severely alone. Notice the little military collar, which is much liked at the moment in jackets and coats for all times of day. Madame Leroy also does this wrap in ermine and white fox, and in Summer ermine and beige fox. It has the advantage of looking well with both formal and informal evening clothes.

Now for the originality. Dupouy-Magnin made it. It is a cap-sleeved jacket of monkey fringe in glossy black, intended to be slipped over a tailored suit, to make it warmer. The fringes are arranged to come below the belt in a sort of short peplum, and the jacket, which has no collar, is tied at the neck with a big bow of satin ribbon, either white or black, as you like. If you wear it over a colored suit, you might change the satin bow to match the color. Monkey, you know, was revived a year ago, especially for the embellishment of "cocktail suits," those short-jacketed, long-skirted costumes, with slightly decolleté, short-sleeved blouses of colored satin, crepe, or lame, which are worn to so many informal evening affairs. Lanvin's, particularly, had a great success.

Jacket in Flat Fur Resembling Leopard, Patou's Model, Which Could Only Be Done in a Thin Flexible Fur. It Is Buttoned in Front With Three Buttons, and Has Basques at the Sides. The Collar Is an Asymmetric One. This Is Worn With a Frock of Hunter's Green Wool.

Last Summer women had little capes of monkey fringes over their thin dresses, for that bit of added warmth around the shoulders that one so often needs in Europe. Even in the midseason collections, monkey fringes, usually black, were still shown. Schiaparelli, particularly, had some speckly gray ones, which she called "feather monkey." Lelong and several other houses employed these glossy fringes to trim evening gowns, running them round the decollete, or over the arms. The trouble with this fur is that it is so often imitated in goat, which has no shine at all.

At the moment, in Paris, while the fur jacket is much worn in the daytime, it has a rival in the evening in the form of a short round cape of fur, ermine, chinchilla, sable for those who can afford it, though I also see a good many in mink. Parisians are getting out their worn furs, to see if there is not enough good skin to make one of these little capes, which they wear over an evening gown when the weather is not too severe, and over their furless evening coats of velvet when it is cold. Whenever I go out in the evening I see a number of these capes. They are frequently collarless, and tie at the neck with a large bow of velvet matching the fur.

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Another Prehistoric Mammoth Found Frozen in Siberia

Kept in Cold Storage for 20,000 Years, the Huge Beast Is Dug Out of Its Icy Grave With Hair, Hide and Flesh Unchanged Through the Centuries

A DISPATCH from Moscow states that a "fresh" mammoth upward of about 20,000 years old, has been found buried in the frozen earth of Siberia.

The place of discovery was Obdorsk, at the base of the Yamal Peninsula, Siberia, where the earth never thaws. The body of the mammoth is in a fine state of preservation, with its hair, flesh and all its organs complete.

The flesh is reported to be quite eatable, as has been found in other similar cases, and scientists who have gone to bring back the body will make a test meal of it. People are always particularly interested to hear of other men making a meal on meat 20,000 years old, and this feature appeals to them as much as the valuable scientific facts connected with the hairy mammoth.

When one of these monsters was unearthed in 1902, the Russian Academy of Sciences sent a "fresh" mammoth steak in cold storage as a present to the Institute of France in Paris. Members of the latter body gave a banquet at which the steak was served. The scientists, accustomed to the finest French cooking, pronounced it to be "succulent, but a bit tough." The toughness was due to the nature of the animal, not the age of the meat.

There have been four dozen of a specially complete mammoth before this, although the reports of natives show that many must have been dug up in the past and innumerable fragments of the monsters have been found.

The Massive Head and Forequarters of the Hairy Mammoth, From Artist Knight's Wall Painting at the American Museum of Natural History.

Countless thousands of them were drowned in lakes and mired in the swamps of Siberia, and later frozen owing to a change in climate, and preserved forever.

The first mammoth recovered was found by the explorer Adams in 1799, on the banks of the River Lena, and sent to St. Petersburg, the present Leningrad, where it was mounted and placed in the Imperial Museum. In 1902, the specimen already referred to and the most perfect discovered up to that time, was unearthed from the bank of the Berezowka River and also transported to the Leningrad Museum. The third mammoth was a female disinterred with its baby in 1926 near Dikovina, a village on the Selenga River, a very remote part of Siberia. In addition, there is a fine specimen of a mammoth from Alaska in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

The mammoths were somewhat larger than existing elephants, but looked much larger and more formidable on account of their long red hair and great curved tusks. Also they were more finely formed.

The mammoth discovered in 1902 was found in a glacier near the Berezowka River by a Cossack named Jawlowsky. The body lay in an enormous pocket of ice between the hills near the river bank, a remnant of a great glacier that existed there in former ages. The river only thaws for a little time in Summer. The surface of the earth also thaws only in Summer and then to a depth of two or three feet. Beneath that the soil is eternally frozen.

A slight melting of the surface of the ice left a bright, smooth space, peering through which the Cossack saw the ancient mammoth preserved, as we sometimes see a lobster in a cake of ice. He dug down and uncovered part of the mammoth. Then he reported the discovery to the nearest Chief of Police. The news was conveyed to the Imperial Academy of Sciences and it was decided to send an expedition to bring back the complete body of the mammoth to the Leningrad Museum.

The scientists after traveling as far as they could by the Trans-Siberian Railroad had to make a journey by land and water of 1,000 miles. They took fifty horses with them for transport. Dr. Otto Herz, the leader of the expedition, gives this interesting account of how they reached their goal.

"We were at a loss how to proceed and we found ourselves in the midst of a vast number of similar ice mounds. Finally my nostrils detected a strong odor and it occurred to me that it might be the flesh of the monster which had been uncovered and was decomposing. By walking in the direction whence the smell seemed to come I located the grave where I found the faithful Cossack, who for fifty days had stood guard over the carcass at the command of his superior officer."

The stomach was found full of undigested food, mostly the characteristic grass of the region. The attitude in which he was found shows that he met his death by slipping on the wet slope, for his rear legs were bent up as if he had been trying to struggle out. Dr. Herz writes:

"The improvised grave into which the mammoth plunged probably caused masses of neighboring soil to loosen and cover him completely. This happened in the late Autumn or the beginning of Winter to judge by the state of the vegetable matter found in his stomach. Shortly afterwards the grave became flooded and then ice formed. The cold storage process was still further augmented by fresh accumulations forming a shell of ice hundreds of feet thick inclosed by yards upon yards of soil that remains frozen the greater part of the year.

"Thus the enormous carcass was preserved through hundreds of centuries until some years ago a local movement of the earth threw up the grave leaving it exposed to sun and wind. Then the ice crust wore down and revealed the long hidden body to the passing Cossack."

The part of the flesh below the surface was still in perfect condition. It was treated with arsenic and sewn up in raw cowhide which shrinks, becomes airtight and preserves the contents.

The veins of the mammoth were still full of coagulated blood, proving that the animal was killed by suffocation. In the teeth were found pieces of the beast's last meal. The giant animal must have presented a terrifying appearance in life, for it was covered with reddish hair fourteen inches long. Even the tail was in perfect condition, a huge affair with a tuft of hair at the end.

The remains were mounted on sledges for their long journey to Irkutsk, whence they were conveyed by railroad. Baron Toll, the Russian Arctic explorer who made a special study of the region, said:

"The mammoths died out owing to a change in the physical conditions of the region. Those which did not perish in consequence of some sudden accident were left in a cold region, sometimes on the shores of lakes and sometimes on the surfaces of glaciers and they were gradually buried in ice. They were preserved by a permanent, increasing cold."

The mammoth was as common as the horse today 200,000 years ago, and continued to be so down to at least 10,000 years ago. Just when it became extinct is still a matter of dispute among scientists. The mammoth had teeth and stomach of a peculiar construction, so that it was able to masticate and digest not only the plants and leaves, but wood and trunks of trees. The teeth were built in layers and renewed themselves ceaselessly all through life.

The word mammoth is of Tartar origin and is derived from their word "mamma," the earth, on account of the beasts being found frozen in the earth. In the region where the mammoths are found the soil is frozen permanently to a depth of 400 feet and only thaws out in Summer for a few feet below the surface. On digging down, geologists have found vast masses of pure transparent ice.

The discovery of the female mammoth with her baby in 1926 was attended by many romantic and peculiar circumstances. Vassily Okuntsoff, Health Inspector at Chita, a town in the Transbaikal territory of Siberia, heard that Liuba Lattik, a woman innkeeper of the Buriat tribe, was selling so-called "whale steaks" at exorbitant prices. This aroused the inspector's interest, because profiteering in meat is a serious offense against Soviet laws.

Liuba's inn is situated at Dikovina, a village on the Selenga River, a tributary of the enormously long Amur River and many miles from Chita. Her customers were generally miners and trappers who were extravagant when they had any money.

One miner carried away a large chunk of the meat and gave a banquet with it in Chita. Inspector Okuntsoff ate of a piece and found it was from a frozen mammal, but not whale. The inspector and his companion traveled to Dikovina and interviewed the inn keeper Liuba, who confessed that she had made 1,000 rubles selling "whale steak." She bought it for fifty bottles of vodka from Ilia Durak, a crazy woodsman, and did not know where he got it.

The inspector lay in waiting and in a few days the woodsman came in with 800 pounds of solid frozen meat. The inspector cross-examined him, and after he had become agreeably intoxicated he told a wonderful story about the miraculous way he had found the mammoth.

"I have been trapping and shooting wild animals in these wilds for twenty years," said the woodsman, "but selling the skins of beasts brings you nowhere. Riches was what I wanted, so I began to use all kinds of witchcraft and visit the backwoods sorcerers.

"One of them said to me, 'Seek your fortune in the tundras on moonlight nights, deep under the snows, hidden frozen, where the wolves gather and howl at night.' Then I had a great dream in which an ancient Buriat chief in all his regalia buried his riches somewhere in the tundras of the Selenga River. In my dream I saw two stunted pine trees; one with the face of a devil, the other the face of a woman, and a voice shouted in my ears, 'Ilia, there's your fortune!'

"I went in search of my treasures in the tundras night after night, but I could not locate the pine trees I had seen in my dreams. It was only last Christmas, when I was hungry and frozen, I thought to myself, 'Thousand devils! It's all over—life and he down on the frozen ground and freeze until the animals come and eat you.' I wandered a little further seeking for the place to lie down and die. Then before me loomed up two old pine trees. Just as I had seen them in my dream. I dug and dug under the deep snow until I came to the back of a huge monster all covered with shining hair. I chopped [illegible] chunk [illegible] came to the meat part. I decided it was good. As I was starving I made a big bonfire and chopped a piece of meat, and had my first real meal in many days. I have fed myself the whole Winter, my friends have shared and I have sold hundreds of pounds of meat to Liuba here in the inn."

The inspector and a companion spent two days traveling to the lonely spot on the Selenga River, guided by the woodsman. There on a plateau he found the ruins of a prehistoric building. The whole top of the plateau was covered with deep snow under scattered pine trees. In the center of it was a marsh and on the edge of the marsh there grew two strange Arctic pine trees with faces such as Ilia had described, and near them loomed the back of the mammoth, scarred by the woodsman's excavation.

Under the direction of the officials a great pit was dug and scaffolding and ladders erected. As they dug deeper they were astonished to come upon another hairy back, that of the baby mammoth, which was pressed against the mother in an attitude of terror. The hair trunk of old trees around the spot indicated that a warmer climate had once prevailed there.

The inspector informed the Russian Paleontological Society of his discovery and a delegate of the scientific expedition under Professor Petrof, of the Leningrad Academy of Sciences, was appointed to take charge of transporting the two mammoths to the great Leningrad Museum.

In spite of their gigantic size and tremendous tusks, the mammoths were frequently killed by prehistoric men, and there are pictures made by the cavemen showing those exciting encounters. These men must have been [illegible] skilled to kill these huge and terribly tusked beasts with stones and rude wood and bone spears.

The bones of the mammoth were first found in deep layers of an earlier geological period in Europe, and were thought by people with little scientific knowledge to be the remains of elephants used by the ancient Romans. Sir Richard Owen, the famous English paleontologist, was the first to prove that they were the remains of an extinct animal closely related to the modern elephant, but of a different species. Many other species of prehistoric elephants have been found, including the mastodon, which existed earlier than the mammoth and was a lower type of beast. Some of the mastodons had four tusks.

The ivory in the tusks of the thousands of mammoths preserved in the frozen soil of Siberia represent possibilities of immense wealth, and, it is to be profitably worked, will help to bring prosperity to the Soviet Government.

Under the Direction of the Leningrad Scientists, Natives Dug a Deep Pit Around the Body of the Huge Beast, and as They Cleared Away the Frozen Mud They Found Leaning Beside Her the Body of a Baby Mammoth, Her Little One, Engulfed in the Marsh With Her 20,000 Years Ago. Both Specimens Were Perfect, Except Where the Hunter Had Cut the Hide of the Big One's Back and Dug Out the Frozen Meat.

Liuba Lattik, the Buriat Woman Innkeeper, Whose Sale of 20,000-Year-Old Mammoth Steaks Brought About the Discovery.—Reprinted From the Russian Geographical Almanach.

The Mammoth Compared to a Six-Foot Man.

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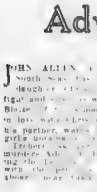
Christine

By Buell Carey

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure in the South Seas

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOHN ALLEN [illegible] South Seas [illegible] daughter [illegible] and [illegible] Blaize [illegible] in love [illegible] his partner, [illegible] girls [illegible] Treherne [illegible] murder [illegible] ing the [illegible] with the [illegible] about [illegible]



IGHT had given way to morning by the time the fugitives were well away. Going had been hard, owing to the dense vegetation. They slipped and tumbled till their bodies were bruised and sore.

Yet Blaize refused to stop for more than a few moments rest at infrequent intervals. The fear of pursuit urged him on. Added to this, he felt his strength ebbing. Takunai was a hard enemy to spread her swamps for him, flung out her lianas to trip him up, set thickets of the tui-tui bush across his path.

Christine was flagging. She crept up doggedly, clinging to Blaize's arm as she slid ankle-deep into unexpected slime or tripped too soon to a rotten tree-stump.

For the last mile neither of them had breath enough to talk. They were husbanding their resources. Blaize was making for the central height, hoping to find shelter there until the Curlew should return. But even under the most favorable conditions that could not happen for at least eight days. Eight days! He swallowed hard and swung his thoughts away.

At sunup he judged it safe to rest for a while. Christine swayed as she walked and he feared she would faint if she did not rest. In the gray light he saw how white and spent she looked. Her clothes were ragged, her hands bleeding.

"Sit down," he said. With shaking fingers he unfastened his pack and spread the gray blanket on the ground.

"You sleep for a bit. I'll watch. Then you can take your turn. Oh, don't argue. Do what I say."

Obediently she lay down, wincing as her raw hands came in contact with the blanket. She pillowed her head on her arms and plunged straightway into heavy sleep, with the abandonment of utter weariness. They had reached a little clear space in the mass of jungle growth. The ground here began the rise of a hilly slope that eventually swept into the line of the central height. Blaize sat down, striving against all his nature to keep awake.

He could not think. He could not plan. He could not even realize his joy in this, his first sight of Christine asleep. To his fatigued mind she existed merely as a tired woman who must be looked after by and by so that he himself might sleep. He had no eye for the curves of her body, the rise and fall of her breast. He beat out a tune on his knee to stop his head from drooping. With groping fingers he plucked several hairs from his unruly mop, and welcomed the twinge of pain that helped to keep his eyes from shutting.

The sun came up in gaudy splendor, plunging into a sky that flamed with orange light. Blaize regarded it with a speculative eye. Did it mean wind or rain? The breeze was blowing from the west. A bad sign, that, when the wind blows against the sun at dawn. Drowsily he wondered what it might portend. Oh, what did it matter—what did anything matter, come to that?

He felt his eyelids pricking with sleep, and he jerked his head back, furious at his own inability to preserve his wakefulness better than this. How long was it since he had slept? He tried to count the hours and could not. The figures danced before his eyes like big black woodcuts.

The morning air was chill and he shivered as the sweat dried on his body. Presently he rose stiffly and began pacing up and down, wearing a path between two palm trees twenty yards apart. When he judged that Christine had slept for nearly two hours he went to her. Sinking on his knees beside her he said, "Christine! Time!"

She did not hear, so heavy with sleep was she. He shook her gently and she sat bolt upright with the scared look of a startled child.

"Oh—oh—hullo! Is it time yet? Have you had a sleep?"

"No. But I—an hour—"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blaize Takes Charge.

He was already flat on the ground, face downward, his head resting in the crook of his left arm. When she spoke to him he did not answer, and she perceived that he had fallen into sleep as into a morass.

But his dreams brought him no peace. Through them marched Treherne, bearing in his arms an enormous golden casket. Blaize himself must stand by and watch his enemy's triumph. He could not move, on account of the giant lianas which bound him hand and foot. There was a smell of burning wood, and a cry went up, "The Medusa is afire!" In his dreams he moaned, turning from side to side on the hard ground.

Christine sat near, watching him. She had tried to make something of a toilet, but realized no fault that it must be very primitive indeed. The broken end of comb that Treherne had given her had slept in her pocket when the instinct that makes every woman secrete a comb of some sort on her person. With the aid of this treasure, and a corner of her solitary handkerchief that she had rubbed on the dew-wet grass, Christine attacked the disorder that was the outcome of their passage through the tropical forest during the night. She would have given a year of her life for a mirror, however small.

She viewed her clothes with dismay. They were in ribbons. One coat sleeve was ripped out at the shoulder and hung by a couple of threads near the seam. Her breeches were torn near the knees, and caked with black swamp-mud. She shook up the [illegible]

"Thank heaven there's a blanket about. I may be glad to wear it before long."

Parrakeets were chattering. A huge lizard-like creature, with a crimson throat and violent eyes made Christine shudder. She moved, and instantly the thing stopped to investigate. Christine's skin prickled at the proximity of its great claws. Some cans of corned beef lay scattered near by, and she hurled one full at the lizard. The beast fibbed a bit, chawed angrily at the air, and then seized the can. The next moment it had scuttled off with it. She watched it carefully as it dragged its trophy round the corner of the [illegible] at Blaize had very little food. With growing dismay she counted the cans, stacked them into a pile. Five pork and beans, three small cooked beef and an unlabelled can that gurgled mysteriously when shaken.

With a subdued air she remade the pack for Blaize to carry. Carefully she stowed away the cans in the tightly folded blanket, and arranged the rope to slide easily over his shoulders. After this there was nothing left to do but to wait until he must be wakened. Her eye rejoiced eye had noted the brazen sky. Like Blaize, she was uneasy at the direction of the wind. Storm? Perhaps. If so, it would stop all thought of leaving.

She sat looking at the sleeping man. He was frowning, and now and again he muttered something about the dead Medusa. His restless, uneasy sleep troubled Christine. Sitting there, she felt oddly maternal. He looked so utterly worn out. She had an impulse to lift his head on to her knees, but she checked it, seized with a queer shyness that made her want to laugh at herself.

The sun was getting high. The wind had dropped, and a hot, damp smell rose from the woods.

"Blaize!"

He heard her instantly, and sat bolt upright, eyes wide, brain alert.

"All right?" he asked. "Look at the sun. Time we were off."

"Can't you wait a bit? You're not really rested. You're [illegible] like old boots."

"We can't waste time. Treherne will comb this island with a fine-tooth comb. And he's got eleven kanakas—and Lambert."

"Ten Kanakas, now. And Lambert's no good. One of the boys got chewed up by a shark yesterday. Lambert had hold of him. He just got away, but it sent him crazy."

"Born to go off their heads, his sort." was Blaize's comment. "All wind and no guts. Say, you made this pack up all right."

He was on his feet now, lifting the pack to sling it on his shoulders.

"Oh," said Christine, with a little air, "a landcrab came along. I shied a can at it, and it pinched the wretched thing. I'm so sorry."

He regarded her with sombre eyes.

"Sorry? I should think you are. Of all the fool things! Do you know this tack's got to last us for days? The Curlew can't be back before eight days with the best luck on earth. She may be a fortnight. Do you hear me? A fortnight. Let me tell you we're not related to the Swiss Family Robinson. We shan't find miracles happening."

She swallowed hard, and her cheeks flushed as she braced her shoulders to defend herself. But he checked her before she could utter a word.

"Shut up! You know as well as I do you've been a fool."

"How dare you speak to me like this!"

"You can quit that line of talk," he told her. "We're not aboard the Curlew. You may be boss in your ship, Captain Christine, eh? But from now on, you'll listen to what I say. And what I say, goes. See?"

"You wouldn't behave like this if we were aboard."

"Maybe not."

He looked at her and looked away again.

"Perhaps my ideas have changed a bit. Come on. We can't sit without standing still. This way—over the slope. And button your coat. There's mosquitoes about. Turn your collar up."

"It's too hot."

She was walking close behind him, treading where he trod on the spongy ground. Without a word of warning he whipped round. She began an indignant protest. There was no time to finish it. He slipped an arm about her shoulders and held her, while with the other hand he buttoned the ragged coat tightly up to her chin. She was speechless at the indignity, but he paid no heed to her angry looks.

"Keep it like that," he advised, and began to walk on again. "Did you hear what I said to you just now? I said that maybe my ideas have changed a bit since we were aboard. I'm not going to explain that. Chew it over."

He had settled into a long swinging stride and it took her all her time to keep up with him. Very soon she was perspiring freely. But she dared not open her coat. He had been right about the mosquitoes. From a swamp half a mile to the left an entire colony of the insects arrived, buzzing excitedly at the prospect of a meal. Blaize cut some sprays of the feathery tamea, and he and Christine waved these makeshift fans until their arms ached. The going was heavy. They were trudging now over horrible yellow moss that gave like a sponge under their feet.

At the end of an hour Blaize called a halt.

"Where are you heading for?" Christine asked.

"The top of the hill. It's the one place where we'll be safe, because we can see practically all the island. We can see the San Juan, and we can judge pretty well what's doing. If Treherne takes a notion to look for us in the crater, we can drop him before he gets us. We'll be fighting down, see?"

She surveyed the mass of the central height in dismay.

"Up there?"

"Best place," he said indifferently. "And there's a stream we can use, half-way up. We ought to be able to last out till the Curlew comes. Only thing is—it'll be short commons."

"Any bananas?"

"Well, have you seen any? If you find one, give a shout. There's coconuts, of course. But you know just what they do—fill you up with wind. I had to live on 'em for a week once. My stomach's been sore ever since."

"When was that?"

"Wouldn't interest you. It was when the Happy Warrior went down off Nikia, west of Papalagos. Got ashore by the skin of our teeth, me and the old man and the cook. Rats there—like young kittens. What a time! Come on!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Up the Crater.

THEY went on again. And now the land slanted sharply downwards to the hidden valley that ringed the hill like a moat. Christine shuddered as she looked down into the heat-bathed depth. The sun was high now, and from the bottom of the valley rose a mist, a warm, damp, evil-smelling vapor that clung in wreaths to the luxuriant vegetation and hung in twisted strands from the treetops.

"Have we got to go down there?"

She bent forward fearfully. Her tongue was dry and swollen, but Blaize would not allow her to drink from the stream which meandered through the yellow moss, and for the last half mile they had come over harder, drier ground where there was no sign of water.

"Of course we've got to go down there. Here, sit down for a bit, first, if you like."

He thought: "I mustn't give way to her. If I let her get into one of her tantrums—"

"Are you sure it's the best plan?" she was saying with a troubled air. "Why not get around to the north coast and lie low?"

"No," he objected. "Treherne will comb the coast. I'm right about this, Christine. It's the only safe place on the island."

"You're exaggerating the danger. His mind is set on what's at the bottom of the sea."

"And when he gets what he wants? Suppose he gets it this day. What's he going to do then? Is he to make a dash for Amanu and leave us here? Huh! Mighty likely, isn't it? And mind you, he thinks you are alone. He won't hurry himself for a day or so. After that, he'll raise Cain till he boys find you."

He shifted his pack to an easier position, and stood up.

"Why wasn't there a boy on watch at Treherne's camp?"

"He set one of them on duty. But all the boys were frightened about Puka. Manua, the boy he put to watch—well, I suppose he was afraid he'd see Puka's ghost. He went back to the fire after Treherne was asleep. I expect he lay down with the rest and dropped off."

It was blazing hot. No breath of wind stirred the thick steamy heat that hung over the valley. The descent was steep. No path appeared among the tangled creepers and Christine saw that they would have to hack and push their way if they were to get through. Squaring her shoulders, she set out after Blaize, who was already well ahead. He had not waited for her. With a little stir of anger she followed him. Had Carroll been wrong when he had assured her that for Blaize she was the one woman in the world? If she were, surely he might take a little more thought for her? It was a queer way of showing his love, she reflected wrathfully, as she tussled with the thick, padded stems of the plants, and picked the sickly purple blooms off her coat. What had he got to now?

Ah, there he was. She had a glimpse of his shoulders and his black head. A couple of snapping twigs came to her ears. He was leaving destruction in his train. She picked her way after him, choking back the impulse to call to him when the bruised branches slowly regaining their height, struck at her as she passed. Ask him for the help he was so slow to proffer? No. Not if she toiled after him all day.

Down, down, down. The heat became an intolerable menace. The sweat ran into Christine's eyes. Her hands were clammy, her clothes wet rags. The endless, jerking strain of the descent set her limbs aching till it seemed she could go no further. But the sight of Blaize made her set her teeth and struggle on. Waiting for her to call to him, was he? She'd show him!

She paused a moment to push back her hair and wipe the moisture from her neck. As far as she could judge she was about half-way down the slope. Blaize was out of sight, hidden by the thick haze of green leaves and stems. A faint crash far below told her that he still pursued his way towards the bottom of the valley. She dared not wait, but hurried on, terrified of losing him. Would he care? Would he come searching for her with eager, anxious eyes? Commonsense insisted that he would not leave her to perish, but she wasn't at all confident about the eager, anxious eyes.

Carroll would have helped her. She could imagine him beside her, handing her over the worst patches, holding back the branches that she might pass in safety. He would have joked about the whole thing, enlivening the way with dry comments, and flashing the rare gleam of high spirits. Even Treherne would have had some consideration for her, she decided. That anyone should be so brutally free from sexual negligence that Blaize had shown was beyond belief.

She plunged on, sick and dizzy with the heat, and the smell of rotting things. She had no knife with which to hack her passage, Blaize's trail closed behind him, and must be broken afresh by the force of her body. Down, down, down, till the ground began to give under her weary feet. Little runnels and trickles of dank-smelling water littered the earth, making it sodden. Queer, cupike moss grew here, and clumps of scarlet swamp-lilies added a sinister note of color. The Kanakas say these flowers only bloom where blood has soaked into the ground.

A fallen tree-trunk lay half-submerged in the swamp, and here Blaize was sitting, his legs stretched in front of him, his arms folded. His back was towards the hill and he did not turn his head when she staggered to the log and flopped down beside him. Every muscle in her body ached. She felt faint and stupid. She was beginning to realize that neither of them had had any food that day.

"Have much trouble getting down?" Blaize inquired in a casual voice.

"Not a bit," she lied.

"That's fine," he said nonchalantly. "Well, are you tired?"

"Not at all."

"Splendid. We'll get on then."

"Wait a bit," she said in sudden, breathless supplication. "Can't we—do you know we haven't eaten a thing today?"

"We're not going to stop here to eat. In this heat and muck? Where's your sense? If you were to chew up corned beef now, you'd have to sit here all day."

"Well—but—where are we going?" she asked in bewilderment.

The valley wound round the hill. Through the swamp a little stream sprang. At this point the valley was about a hundred yards across at its narrowest part. On the other side the great cone of the dead volcano went up like a huge wall. At first glance it seemed incredible that anyone should suppose it possible to attempt an upward climb. The mass of scrambling, luxuriant vegetation which covered it did nothing to mask its extreme steepness. Christine looked at it helplessly.

"Where are we going?" she asked again.

"Straight up."

"Straight up? Up there? Are you mad? Of course we can't get up there. We must follow the valley up a bit till we come to an easier place."

"No," he said, stolidly.

"Don't be so obstinate," retorted Christine, hotly. "No one [illegible]

(Continued on Page 16)

Christine Must Follow Where Blaize Led, And He Led Straight Up.

"You can quit that line of talk," Blaize Told Christine. "We're not aboard the Curlew. You may be boss in your ship. But from now on, you'll listen to what I say."

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Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Found Love, but Only at the Price of Her Romantic Ideals

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Angela Halliday wants to divorce her husband, Lang, and marry Quentin Murdock, a cynical man-of-the-world. Kay Jerrold, Angela's kid sister, determines to cut Angela out and thus restore her to Lang, who has always been Kay's ideal.

Intrigued by her idealism, Quentin falls in love with Kay. She thinks she hates him but finds herself deeply stirred by his kisses. When he proposes she agrees to marry him.

Kay realizes now that it is Lang whom she loves but hopes her sacrifice will reconcile the Halliday's and restore Lang's happiness. She practically admits her feeling for Lang but he fails to respond.

Kay marries Quentin, intending to leave him as soon as possible. When she confesses her real reason for the marriage, he considers she is suffering from an overdose of ideals and illusions and could learn to love him if she would.

Quentin refuses to grant her wish to be a wife in name only and Kay is convinced he does appeal to her, but to her worst side. She threatens to leave him and he agrees to continue their honeymoon as she wishes. As time goes on she finds herself developing a growing liking for Quentin as frailerous to her idealistic love for Lang.

At a hotel in Maine she grows jealous when Quentin pays marked attention to Dolly Laval, an old friend. He announces that until she is his wife in the true sense of the word he will flirt with whomever he pleases.

Kay sees Quentin kiss Dolly and is so jealous she offers to live his way if he will stop his attentions to Dolly. He will not admit she loves him and Quentin refuses her offer.

Crushed, Kay slips out of the hotel and returns to New York. She finds Lang, who has discovered he does want to become reconciled with Angela. Somehow Kay fails to get the thrill she expected when Lang tells her he loves her.

She is visiting Mrs. Murdock to discuss a divorce when Quentin and Dolly arrive.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Quentin Is Obdurate.

AS Kay stood there in the drawing room she thought for a moment she would faint.

"This is Mrs. Laval, mother," she heard Quentin say. "I'm giving her a ride to New York. We were staying at the same hotel up in Maine. I promised her you'd give us some tea."

"Of course," Mrs. Murdock replied quickly. "Do come upstairs, Mrs. Laval. I'm sure you'd like to tidy up after such a long drive."

Kay heard the two women talking as they went up the stairs. She drew a sharp breath. Relief. Perhaps she could escape from the house without seeing Dolly.

She turned swiftly away. Then she paused. Quentin stood in the doorway watching her with unsmiling blue eyes.

"Don't you think it was rather childish to run away from me as you did, Muff?" he asked presently.

The color flooded Kay's face. His use of the adjective "childish" enraged her.

"I thought you would prefer me to leave the field open for you and Mrs. Laval," she said sharply. "Is that so very childish?"

He smiled faintly, a tired smile. "My dear, it's infantile."

She bit her lip and said nothing. She wished she hadn't said that much. After all, his affair with Mrs. Laval had nothing to do with the reason she wanted a divorce.

"And now she's turned up with me I guess you think you've caught us red-handed?" His voice was a slow mocking drawl.

She winced slightly. "Well, haven't I?"

He laughed softly. "Darling Muff, you can't divorce a man merely because he drives a woman up to town—however pretty she may be!"

She stared at him in wide-eyed surprise. "How did you know I wanted a divorce?" she stammered.

He started. He drew his dark brows together. A hot color stained his forehead. "Don't talk rot," he said shortly. "Of course you don't want a divorce!"

He came further into the room, drew off his brown leather motoring gloves and flung them onto the table. A late shaft of afternoon sunlight lighted his wind-ruffled hair. Kay noticed his face was drawn, a network of fine lines were ingraincus under his very blue eyes. She thought, "He doesn't look happy." And her heart contracted with a queer pain.

"What's the idea anyhow?" he demanded, as he started to unbutton his leather motoring coat. "Jealous, Muff?"

"Of course not!" Kay retorted, with what she hoped was cool contempt. "How could you imagine I should be jealous of you!"

His blue eyes twinkled suddenly. "Vain, I admit, my own. Still I remember a night when a casual observer might have thought you were. Not so long ago, either!"

The color was flooding Kay's face in hot ugly waves. Cruel of him to remind her of that night!

"You would fling that in my face," she said furiously. "A gentleman . . ."

He laughed outright. "A gentleman wouldn't. Oh, yes, darling Muff, I can guess all you're going to say. And I'm sure the sentence ends with 'the decent thing,' doesn't it?"

"Well, I hope you are going to do 'the decent thing' and give me a divorce," she said harshly.

He sat on the edge of the table and regarded her both with sternness and amusement. "My dear child, why should I?"

"Because I want one. Isn't that enough?"

He gave a short sharp laugh. "It most certainly is not enough, my darling Miss Muffet!"

She clenched her hands tightly. "Supposing I tell you I want to marry another man?"

He drew a cigarette from his case and lit it leisurely.

"I'd say to blazes with the other man!" And he blew out the match.

"Oh!" She drew back with a tiny gasp and leant against the window. "You wouldn't keep me tied to you against my will, would you?"

"I couldn't. Don't be stupid. No woman remains tied to any man against her will these days. After all, the remedy is always in her hands. Who is this 'other man' anyhow?"

"Lang Halliday."

"Oh, the estimable Lang Halliday?"

"Don't say it like that. I . . . I hate you, Quentin!"

He threw back his head and blew out a cloud of smoke. It curled to the ceiling.

"I see. You hate me and love him, is that it?"

"Yes," her voice was small and fierce and defiant.

"Yet it wasn't so long ago, my darling little wife, that you actually came to my room, rather late at night, too, and insinuated that if I wished . . ."

"Oh, you cad!" she broke in on him hotly. "You cad!"

A slow flush crept up under his tan. And his hand as it held the cigarette shook slightly.

"Perhaps you're right, Kay," he said at last, quietly. "I'm sorry, my dear."

But, queerly, that upset Kay far more than anything he had said yet. Something moved convulsively in her throat. She thought in swift panic, "Oh, don't be humble, please. I couldn't bear that!"

"Then you will give me the divorce?" she whispered presently.

But, at that, his face hardened. A stern line drew his lips together. "No, I won't," he said curtly. "I don't believe you love this fellow Halliday anyhow. I think it's just a lot of romantic nonsense."

"But I've told you I want to marry him," she insisted. "He loves me and . . ."

"Oh," he interrupted, his eyebrows drawn up, "so he loves you now? Queer, I thought, not so many weeks ago, it was Angela. That he was going to do commit suicide, do all sorts of drastic things if he didn't get her back."

Kay winced slightly. "He thought he was in love with Angela," she admitted, "but now he knows he was in love with me all the time."

Quentin glanced down at the burning end of his cigarette; his lips twisted. "A gentleman of changeable temper. Cheer up, Muff. Maybe he'll be in love with someone else by this time next week!"

"You don't understand," she said hoarsely. "We're serious, Lang and I. It isn't just an affair, like your—your numerous ones!"

"My dear child," he interposed with a quiet laugh. "It's much more sensible to have a few affairs than to rush around the countryside trying to marry every second man you come across, don't you think?"

"That has nothing to do with it," Kay said stiffly. All the same she flushed at his jibe. "The point is, are you going to give me a divorce? I should think Mrs. Laval would be quite agreeable to assisting you!"

The next moment she could have bitten out her tongue. What had made her say that? Why couldn't she leave Dolly Laval out of it?

Quentin took advantage of her slip. But then he would, she told herself.

"Jealous again, eh, Muff? Darling, it's too absurd talking of a divorce when you feel like that. Besides, you know Dolly doesn't mean a thing to me. Come over here," he beckoned her. "Let's kiss and be friends."

"You know I'd rather die than kiss you!" she broke out fiercely.

He sprang off the table, came across and put his hands on her shoulders. "Aren't we fiercely melodramatic today, sweetheart?" he laughed down at her. "Just as well I'm not of the same mind. After all I can kiss you . . ."

But, it appeared, he couldn't. As he lowered his face, Kay raised her hand and struck him as sharply as she could across the cheek. He started back.

"What a wild creature she is!" And though he laughed there was a queer brooding hurt in his eyes.

"Does that convince you I want a divorce?" she asked breathlessly.

"It certainly convinces me you've got a powerful wallop," he said lightly. But it was forced lightness.

She clenched her hands. "Won't you be serious?" Tears were suspiciously near her eyes.

The smile left his face. He moved over to the fireplace and stood staring down into the flames, his hands thrust in his pockets. "Very well, Kay. I will be serious," he said at last, in low quiet tones. "It's this . . . I've no intention of giving you an easy divorce, my dear. If you really want one, which I very much doubt, you'll have to earn it. Clear off with this man. Then if you like him sufficiently to stick to him, I'll divorce you. Why should the man always put himself in the wrong? I don't believe in it. Besides. I don't think you'll know whether you love him or not until you have tried it out . . . Go ahead. Do something real and genuine for once, Kay. Don't stand and theorize about it!"

She was staring at him incredulously. "You mean . . . you want me to try it out—as an experiment?" she gasped.

His lips tightened; his blue eyes were grim. "Yes. At least you'll know your mind then, Muff!"

"But—but," she stammered, "if it wasn't a success—you—you wouldn't take me back afterwards? You couldn't!"

"Why couldn't I? You forget," his voice dropped suddenly, a tender note was in it, "I love you, my dear."

"Please, Quentin. . . ." She turned abruptly from him. She thought fiercely, clenching her hands so tightly that her finger nails bit deep into her flesh, "I won't cry. Why should I want to cry? It's too stupid. He's so hateful . . . yet the very moment he says one nice thing I want to forgive him—everything. Oh, I'm so weak. I—I despise myself."

There were voices in the hall. Mrs. Murdock's and Dolly's. Quentin moved swiftly across the room gripped her arm tightly. "They're coming in for tea. Don't say a word about this. I'll drive you to the station afterwards."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lang Is Furious.

REALLY it was an incredible tea. Afterwards Kay wondered how she got through it. Nothing was said, of course. Marvelous, the self-discipline people impose upon themselves.

Mrs. Murdock chatted about politics, about the weather, about the last few shows she had seen in New York. Quentin remarked on the condition of the roads, and upon the increasing number and largeness of auto buses.

Dolly, of course, was too feminine to keep her talk on quite such impersonal lines. She couldn't resist an occasional, "Quentin and I," which as tea progressed, became less occasional! She was of that breed of women who must inevitably associate themselves with the man present, however tactless it may be.

Kay said very little. Though she did remark once, for Dolly's benefit, that she had left the Brentmere Hotel so suddenly because she had been called to the bedside of a sick relative.

In the Hotel Lounge Lang Swept Kay Into His Arms Once More. "Are you sure you want to go through with this, darling?"

"Is that so?" Dolly remarked, raising her plucked eyebrows slightly.

"Yes, it is so," Kay said shortly.

Behind Dolly's back Quentin winked at her. In a queer way that put new heart into Kay. For the moment she felt almost happy.

As soon after tea as possible Kay rose and said she must be getting back to New York.

"The relative still so very sick?" Dolly asked pointedly.

"Very," Kay agreed. "Only such a very urgent matter made me leave her for even an afternoon."

"What was so very urgent?" Dolly asked impudently.

"Seeing my husband again, of course," Kay said, and smiled straight into her eyes.

Quentin said he would drive Kay to the station.

"You'll look after Dolly, mother?"

"I've already persuaded Mrs. Laval to stay for dinner," she smiled.

Kay felt a lump rise in her throat. Suddenly she was bitterly envious of Dolly. Dolly staying here for dinner in her rightful place. "You are a dog in the manger," she chided herself angrily. "You don't want him, do you?"

All the same the sense that she was being shut out in the cold persisted. To counteract it she tried to concentrate upon Lang. Yet, curiously, Lang seemed very remote, all of a sudden. She couldn't think of him clearly, she couldn't even visualize him clearly. Quentin's more forceful personality eclipsed him.

Presently she was seated beside Quentin in the car. He turned his head as he started up the engine. "Like old times, eh, Muff?"

She nodded. It was. Her throat felt curiously tight. Strange how right she felt here somehow. As though she belonged in the front seat of Quentin's car.

She noticed that he missed the turning that led to the station. When she questioned him he said, "But of course, I'm driving you back to New York. What did you expect?"

"You don't mind leaving Mrs. Laval so long?" She couldn't resist it.

He laughed easily. "It doesn't seem like it, does it?"

Kay felt a certain satisfaction. Perhaps something more than satisfaction. But she crushed it down.

Presently he remarked, "I suppose my proposition seems rather strange to you, eh, Muff?"

She admitted it did.

"Yet," he resumed, "isn't it the only sensible course? It will give you a chance to know your own mind. There's no sense in jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, is there?"

She said in a low voice, "You won't believe I'm going to be happy with Lang? That I love him?"

His face twitched. And his voice was a little hoarse. "No, I won't believe that." He added, keeping his eyes straight ahead on the road, "Not yet, anyhow. You see, Muff," his voice sank, "when it comes to the point I don't believe you'll be able to go through with it."

"You think . . . I'll funk it?"

He shook his head. "Not exactly. But I do think you'll find it isn't in you. You can't love two men in the same way, Muff."

"But when you love a man every other way," her small voice hesitated, "doesn't that other come naturally?"

"Not always. Besides, I don't believe you love this man every other way, as you put it. I believe he's just a dream figure. When you come up against him in the flesh the dream figure will go. You'll scarcely recognize him."

Kay didn't say anything. In the pause he asked roughly: "Do you really think if I didn't believe that I'd let you go so easily?"

Kay sighed. "I'm afraid you'll be disappointed, Quentin. I've loved Lang so long."

He turned his head towards her and raised one eyebrow. "Perhaps that's in my favor, Muff darling."

After that they didn't talk much until they reached New York. Quentin drove her back to the hotel where she was staying.

"You'll let me know the result of the experiment?"

Though he tried to speak lightly there was a tremor in his voice.

Her face was very hot suddenly.

"I wish you wouldn't look upon it like that."

His lips twisted. "How else can I look upon it? D'you know, Muff, if I thought for one moment it would be a success I believe I'd go a little mad!"

She couldn't tell if he were joking or not. That lightness was still in his voice. And as he sprang out of the car to open the door for her his movements were almost jaunty.

He took her across the pavement to the lobby. Suddenly she found herself reluctant to have him go. She was on the point of asking him inside when she stopped herself. Stupid to prolong this interview that was so cruelly hurting her. She had an idea it was as painful to him as it was to her.

She turned and held out her hand. "Darn nice of you to have driven me up here, Quentin."

He laughed queerly. "I'd do more than that for you, Muff!"

"We!" her voice was tremulous, "good-by."

But he still held her hand. He said very seriously, "If I imagined this was to be the last time I was to see you, Muff, I believe I should howl!"

She laughed at that. And it helped. "Don't be ridiculous, Quentin."

He sighed, albeit mockingly. "It's awful having to be a strong he-man always!" He bent and kissed her hand. "Good-by, darling," and turned abruptly from her.

She stood in the doorway and watched him restart his car and drive away. She thought, "He can't really care or he couldn't have joked about it like that!"

Of course not. And yet . . .

She found her eyes were hot with tears suddenly. She opened her red leather handbag and under pretense of looking for a powder puff wiped them surreptitiously away. She thought quickly, "But I'll see him again. Sometime. Oh, surely!"

She turned rather blindly into the hotel lobby. The hall porter said to her: "A gentleman has 'phoned you up twice, madam. A Mr. Halliday. He wants you to call him."

"Oh, yes," said Kay.

"He left his number. Shall I get it for you?"

"Please."

He looked at her curiously as he went into the 'phone booth. She was sniffing violently and rummaging in her handbag for her powder puff again.

Presently he called her into the booth. She took the receiver from him. She heard Lang's voice.

"Is that you, darling? I've been wondering what's been happening to you all afternoon. I . . . But, whatever is it, sweetheart? You're not crying, are you?"

"Of course not," she lied.

"Will you have dinner with me?"

"Yes, Lang. But some place where it's quiet and not too crowded."

"I understand, dearest," he murmured, and named a quiet little restaurant in the Village.

She sighed. Lang was so comforting. He always understood.

He was at the restaurant before she was. He had a table reserved in an alcove. When he saw her hesitating in the doorway he rushed forward to meet her, drew her half across the room by both her hands.

"Sweetheart, it is good to see you! But how tired you look! What's been happening? Couldn't make out what you were saying over the 'phone."

She sat down, drew off her gloves, smiled at him vaguely. "I saw Quentin today."

He leant forward eagerly. "No? Did you? Then it's all arranged?"

"I don't know."

His smile died. "What do you mean? He's going to give you the divorce, isn't he?"

She shook her head slowly. "No, he won't give me a divorce."

"But," Lang's thin face whitened, "he'll have to!"

She gave an odd-sounding laugh. "There's no 'have to' about Quentin. He doesn't go by the rules most people follow."

"But . . . but . . ." Lang stammered; his hands clenched slowly on the white table cloth. "He'll have to, darling. It would be too awful otherwise!"

At this point the waiter coughed discreetly to remind them he'd been standing there for the past few minutes.

Lang looked up in a startled manner and said, "What is it?"

The man insinuated the menu. "If you would be good enough to decide, sir."

"Oh, hors d'oeuvres, soup, grape fruit, anything you like," Lang said irritably, waving him away.

The waiter didn't like his manner. But he had his revenge. He brought all three.

"But, sweetheart," he insisted once they were alone again, "he's just got to be brought to his senses. Would it be any good if I saw him?"

A slight smile touched her lips. "No good in the world, Lang. Quentin's made up his mind."

"But . . ." he was sweating with agony, "what are we to do, darling?"

She pushed her plate aside, her elbow points on the table.

"I guess what Quentin suggests."

"He does suggest something?" She nodded. The faint smile became twisted. "He suggests we try it out—as an experiment. If it succeeds, he'll divorce me."

"What?" Lang was staring at her in consternation and horror that turned slowly to anger. "You don't mean to say he was such a cad as to suggest . . ."

Kay's face flamed. As though he had struck her. "Why is he a cad?" she broke in quickly.

"But isn't he?" Lang insisted. "Suggesting you put yourself in such a compromising situation. I never heard of anything so mean . . ."

"But, after all, it's I who want the divorce," she argued quietly.

"All the same," he mumbled. "Any decent man would have seen that you got your divorce without any scandal. He wouldn't have cared how much mud he had flung at himself."

She didn't say anything to that. Because, after all, there was nothing she could say. Yet, as she tried to swallow her food, she felt curiously resentful towards Lang for what he had said about Quentin. It wasn't a logical feeling. But it was there.

"You don't think he could be made to change his mind?" Lang asked anxiously.

She shook her head. "No. And, after all, does it matter so much? We'll have each other."

Lang's face grew curiously stern. "It does matter, darling. To me it does. It will be torture to know people are talking about you, saying mean things that aren't true. That will be the awful part of it!"

She smiled faintly. "Does it matter so much what people say?"

His hands clenched the table. His knuckles showed white. "It does—to a girl, dearest. That's why I can't understand that rotter . . ."

"Be quiet, Lang!" her small voice rose, sharpened.

"I don't care. I . . . I can't let you do this thing, Muff. It isn't fair. I'm older than you, darling, I ought to protect you."

She laughed shakily. "Darling Lang, don't you think the girl is always older than the man, whatever her age? And don't worry," she touched his hand, "I've made up my mind."

His lips tightened. "You're a wonderful girl, Muff, and I admire you tremendously. All the same I can't have it. I can't be responsible for you placing yourself in such a position."

She smiled tiredly. "You are old-fashioned, Lang. I don't mind the scandal part of it. Are you very horrified, my dear? I really believe at heart a woman is much less conventional than a man."

The waiter came in with the next course. They were silent until he had left them alone again.

"You're sure once we'd . . . started this adventure you wouldn't want to draw back, sweet?" His voice was uncertain.

She shook her head. Her voice dropped. "No, Lang."

"Whatever happened you wouldn't want to draw back, Muff?"

Her eyes opened wider. A queer light flickered momentarily in their depths. And, just for a moment, she caught her breath.

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How Every New Invention Has Been Laughed At

(Continued from Double Page)

paratus was considered, is revealed in a Parisian caricature of the year 1790. This picture represents an "encounter of parapluies," as the French call them, at a windy spot on the banks of the Seine. The old lady strolling with her dog has just stuck a strolling gentleman in the eye with the point of one of the ribs of her umbrella, and the accident has so upset her that she has lost control of her umbrella and the wind is carrying it away. One of the other pedestrians in the picture is a bald-headed man, who has just had his hat knocked off in a similar collision, and he is tagging along angrily after the man with the umbrella, holding his wig under it for protection from the rain. In the distance another party is shown with an umbrella which the wind has turned inside out.

But in spite of no end of such attacks unworthy of such a frail target, the humble umbrella fought its way to such popularity that next to jewelry and money, it is the most frequently stolen article in the world. Anyone who doesn't know, enough to come in when it rains is generally considered to be an idiot. But almost the entire human race did not know enough to get under an umbrella the first time it was offered.

Most any novelty in feminine attire, whether startling or immodest, is viewed with alarm. If the innovation is too revealing or for any other reason alluring, it will surely distract the young man's mind from serious business into folly. In the modest days when skirts actually dragged on the ground it was the corset that was lampooned by men as if it were a new idea, when a German reintroduced it during the eighteenth century. The critics had not noticed that in Isaiah there is reference to a "stomacher" worn by smart ladies in Biblical times and that Roman belles strapped their middles with tight bandages, to say nothing of corsets worn by both men and women in England of the eleventh century under Edward the Confessor.

However, the German who, in 1793, put out the contraption with steel or whalebone ribs and a provision for having some muscular assistant lace it up in the back laid the foundation for the fearful and wonderful apparition that followed, the "hourglass" figure. This time the medical fraternity joined in the protests.

Since the corset was a German idea, the most caustic criticism came from Frenchmen, like the artist whose attempt to caricature the thing out of existence is shown on a preceding page. It depicts a fashionable lady whose well-upholstered figure is being pulled together by the united power of two windlasses. All the combined attacks of preacher, doctor and press seem to have had no effect upon the corset's popularity. Fashion crested it and only fashion could kill it. A few years ago it became fashionable for women to go in for athletics. As the corset interfered it was "good-by corset."

When it comes to male attire, suspenders, which are about the humblest garment of all, are the one that has borne the brunt of most public and private scorn from the day they were invented to the present. The first rudimentary form of suspenders appears as shoulder straps by which knights of the Middle Ages kept their breast and back plates from falling down. But until 1790, trousers were held up exclusively by belts. The belt provided support for the nether garment of a man with a slim waist. But for a man with a ponderous, protruding abdomen, it is not so good because the belt is bound to let the trousers sag down slightly. With the baggy knickerbockers which buckled at the knee, this did not matter.

Toward the tail end of the Eighteenth Century, long trousers and tight knickers came into style. These could be cut to stay up nicely even without a belt on the slim-waisted youths but the fat old dudes were in trouble. Buckskin and doeskin became the rage and were so tight that the man of fashion used to say to his tailor that if he could get into his trousers he would not accept them because they would be too loose.

In this sartorial crisis a French tailor invented suspenders which would hold up pants regardless of girth, thus making all men on equal again. However, the invention was frankly looked upon as something artificial, like corsets or false teeth, and no man would have displayed the shameful garment in public any more than his fat wife would have stepped out with nothing over her corsets. How the device was received is indicated by an old drawing which shows an ingenious apparatus for hoisting on pants by means of the new suspenders, block and tackle and an exercise wheel, which a peculiar man-faced dog is supposed to keep turning. The duty of the other dog, apparently, is to snap viciously at the heels of the one in the cage to make him run faster. A tailor with an eyeglass is directing operations in order to be sure that the pants are pulled on just as tight as the customer can stand them.

Skin-tight trousers went out of style but suspenders still remained a necessity for the fat man in order to keep up the long, double-barreled stove-pipes which succeeded them and have persisted to this day. And always suspenders have been a secret garment that must never be seen in public. Curiously enough in the last few years, boys and very young men have gone in for quite gorgeously decorative suspenders, which they wear openly.

The wig, which is as old as history, keeps vanishing and reappearing like a comet, and each visitation is greeted with as much consternation as if it had never been heard of before. The wig was introduced from Persia into ancient Greece and Rome, and about the second century B. C., says Lucian, all men and women wore them as a matter of course. Hannibal, a general who was also a quick-change artist, used wigs frequently for disguise. Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius, had almost as many wigs as her husband wrote maxims. She had hundreds, of every conceivable color, and frequently ones to match all her gowns and to wear at different times of day. Roman ladies, early discovering that gentlemen exhibit a preference for blondes, prized the golden hair of German women whom the legions of Rome brought back as slaves. A wig made of such hair was by far the most costly there was to be had.

The fashion of wearing wigs in Europe was started by a churchman, the Abbe La Riviere, who appeared at the court of Louis XII with long, luxuriant false hair. The King was getting bald, so he adopted the idea eagerly and it became all the rage immediately among Frenchmen of fashion. Louis XIV was so proud of his luxuriant hair that he refused to wear a wig, but even the Grand Monarque could not stop the fad from spreading. Samuel Pepys, the diarist, paid three pounds sterling for a wig, which was equivalent to about $150 in purchasing value today. The wearing of periwigs became universal during the reign of Queen Anne, and the practice did not die out until the end of the Eighteenth Century. It is reserved in England today for judges, barristers, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons and the clerks of Parliament. A properly made wig is expensive because every single thread of hair has to be sewn separately to the "scalp" of the wig, by hand, with a needle that looks somewhat like a fish-hook.

A picture of a man with a "Scary Ann" wig was made in 1851 and really is not a caricature. This particular wig was a masterpiece invented by the wigmaker, Gustave Lathe, and was placed on exhibition at a London fair. By pulling an invisible thread the wearer could make his hair rise, as in the drawing.

The value in this voluntary horripilation was supposed to lie in the impression it would give of extreme sensitiveness. Just at that time it was fashionable to be of as sensitive a temperament as possible, especially if one wanted to be popular with the ladies. What could be more impressive to one of the fair sex than for an admirer's hair to stand on end with horror at her slightest frown?

Several young men are said to have tried the scheme but it did not work. As soon as the ladies discovered that a cross look or word had such an interesting reaction, they gave the poor men nothing else until the hair raising mechanism wore out.

In the good old days a minister could preach as long a sermon as he pleased and nobody had the courage to walk out until he finished. But in 1862 signs of restlessness and weariness appeared in Germany in the form of the sketch showing an "automatic sermon ender."

When the minister entered the pulpit, it started an automatic mechanism connected with a clock. If the preacher had not finished the sermon and left the pulpit within the fairly generous space of two hours, the pulpit roof would descend, like a snuffer on a candle, shutting him in —and up.

Possibly it may have been fear of the general installation of this device that has gradually shortened the length of sermons until now congregations quite often get off with only half an hour or even less.

Captain Christine By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 14)

but an idiot would try to climb up there. It's like the side of a ship."

He said nothing. Had he heard her? His eyes were fixed on a scarlet beetle that was exploring the log.

"Blaize! Listen to me. It's absolutely ridiculous to try it. And why go up there at all? I simply can't see the reason. The coast —"

"The coast would be just suicidal."

He was immovable. With an angry gesture she pulled him round to face her.

"Why are you like this? Why can't you see how senseless it is to try that hill?"

"Senseless or not, it's going to be tried."

He stood up. Slowly he began to pick his way across the difficult, boggy ground. The stream was not deep, but it was wide and its bed abounded in treacherous holes. He tested every foothold before advancing. Christine watched him. In spite of her anger she was filled with feminine admiration at his great shoulders, his careless, easy strength. As she looked, he turned his dark head and shouted, "It's tricky here. If you buck up, I'll wait."

"You needn't," she called back. "I can manage."

He shrugged and went on. Presently she saw him on the other side, resting against a jagged rock before attempting the climb. She shook her hair out of her eyes and began the journey across the wide, lazy stream.

It was harder than it looked. The flat, mossy stones shot away from under her feet. In places the water ran more swiftly, sucking round her ankles in little eddying swirls. Hot and weary, she ploughed on, determined that Blaize should not come to the rescue. The sight of him infuriated her. He leaned there so lazily, so utterly indifferent to her troubles. When at last she reached the other side, she had not a dry stitch on her. Her face was white with exhaustion, her eyes trembled. Yet he offered no word of sympthy.

While she rested he said nothing. But at the end of ten minutes he rose.

"Blaize, you're not starting yet?"

"Yes. Come on."

She couldn't. She felt that instant death would be preferable to the prospect of struggling up through that wilderness of hot green that stretched up and up to the very sky.

"No," she said, faintly. "I can't. Let's wait a bit."

He hesitated. But the fear that haunted him rose again, and with it the picture of a sharp-eyed Treherne, searching so thoroughly over the length and breadth of Takunai for the woman who had eluded him. Safety, safety, cried his head, while his heart ached for Christine's racked body. How had he got her so far? Merely by assuming that he didn't care very much whether she came or not. If he were to give way to her now—

"Get up," he said roughly. "I thought you'd got more pluck. What are you afraid of? Well, suppose it is a bit steep! What of it?"

He unfastened his pack and took out a coil of rope about two fathoms in length. Making a roomy noose, he had it over her head and round her waist before she realized what he was doing. He tied the other end about his own waist and looked at her.

"Come on."

She sat stock still, her mouth pursed, her eyes aggresive. With every fibre of her being she prepared to resist him. They faced each other, two ragged, white-faced figures against the lush green.

"We daren't wait. I'll get you up as best I can. Pull yourself up by anything you can catch hold of. We don't hang on to the rope more than you can help. You're not the only one who's tried."

She would not rise. The old demon of pride was alive in her. How dare he boss her about like this? How dare he? How——

He moved suddenly and she was jerked to her feet. In spite of her determination she was like a straw before his strength. She must follow where he led. And he led straight up.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Tested Recipes for Christmas Festivities

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Mistletoe Cake.

WASH and cream 1 cup butter, add 3 cups sugar gradually and when smooth and creamy add 4½ cups flour sifted with 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar, alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Beat vigorously. Fold in 10 stiffly beaten egg whites. Add ½ teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 teaspoons lukewarm water. Mix well. Pour into four buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake in a moderate oven. Put two layers together and cover with chocolate icing and put the other two together and cover with mistletoe frosting.

Mistletoe Frosting.

PUT 4 egg whites, 3 cups sugar, 10 tablespoons cold water and 3 tablespoons light corn syrup in top of double boiler. Mix well and set over boiling water. Beat vigorously with an egg beater for about 5 minutes or until mixture is firm enough to hold its shape. Remove from fire but let stand over the hot water and beat constantly for 2 minutes longer. Then place over cold water and beat for 3 minutes longer. Flavor with a few drops of your favorite extract. Spread between layers and on top of cake. Decorate with tiny silver dragees and thinly sliced angelica to represent sprays of mistletoe.

Maple Nut Pie.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add ½ cup sugar gradually. When smooth and creamy add ½ cup corn syrup, ½ cup maple syrup and 3 well beaten eggs. Add 1 cup broken pecan or hickory nut meats and a few drops vanilla. Have ready a baked pie shell and turn the nut mixture into the shell. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Kitchenette Chicken Pie.

SIMMER a 4 or 5 pound chicken in about 2 quarts water until tender. Add hot water as needed to keep about 1½ quarts broth. Reserve 1 pint of the broth. Cook 1 pound of egg noodles in 1 quart of the well-seasoned broth. Cook gently until tender. Cut the tender meat of the chicken in small pieces. Put the chicken, 2 cups of well-seasoned broth and 1 tablespoon minute tapioca in a baking dish. Cover with the noodles, sprinkle generously with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until crumbs are delicately brown.

Pistachio Nut Salad.

REMOVE skins and seeds from 1 cup of Malaga or Tokay grapes. Mix with 1½ cups sliced orange pulp. Have all white portion removed from the pulp. Mash 2 packages cream cheese until smooth with a few drops cream. Add ½ cup finely chopped blanched pistachio nuts. The nuts are a beautiful shade of green. Season the cheese and nuts with French dressing. Shape into small balls. Arrange fruit and cheese balls on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with crisp watercress.

Snow Balls.

BREAK angel cake into small pieces. Dip into white frosting and then roll in freshly grated cocoanut. Place on waxed paper and let stand until icing will hold the cocoanut in place. To make the frosting: Place 1 cup sugar, 1 egg white and ½ cup boiling water in top of double boiler, set over boiling water, turn off heat and beat vigorously with egg beater until mixture will hold its shape. Flavor with a few drops of your favorite extract.

Scalloped Turkey.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 1 cup of turkey stock or milk. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1½ or 2 cups diced cooked turkey. Sprinkle bottom of buttered baking dish with buttered bread or cracker crumbs, add the turkey and sauce and sprinkle generously with buttered bread or cracker crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until bread crumbs are brown. Garnish with crisp parsley and serve hot.

Cranberry Jelly Salad.

COOK 2 cups cranberries, 1 cup sugar and 1 cup boiling water for about 20 minutes. Soak 1½ tablespoons gelatin in ¾ cup cold water. Add to hot cranberry mixture. Stir until dissolved and then strain. Add 1 cup diced (canned) pineapple. Have as many cold molds as there will be guests. Rinse the molds with cold water and in each one place a cream cheese ball. Pour the cold jelly mixture into the molds. Set in ice box to chill. When firm turn out on bed of crisp heart chicory and serve with mayonnaise.

Roast Turkey (By Request).

SPRINKLE carefully dressed and stuffed turkey with salt and pepper, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with flour. Put in roaster, breast side down, and brown delicately in a moderate oven. Add 2 cups hot water and turn turkey over. Roast in moderate oven. Baste frequently until tender. The length of time will depend upon the tenderness of the turkey.

Sweet Potato Balls (By Request).

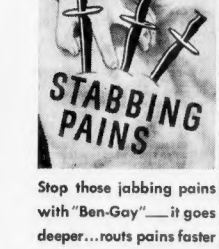
PRESS hot boiled sweet potatoes through potato ricer. To 2 cups of the hot riced potatoes add 3 tablespoons butter, a few grains paprika and ½ teaspoon salt and 1 well beaten egg. Shape in small balls. Roll in flour (chopped blanched almonds may be used in place of the flour), fry in hot deep fat and drain on unglazed paper.

Cream Turkey Roll.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in ¾ cup butter with tips of fingers or two forks. Moisten with a scant cup of milk. Turn out on lightly floured board, pat and roll into a rectangular shape. Spread with diced turkey or chicken moistened with a little gravy or sauce. Roll up like a jelly roll. Brush with milk and bake in a rather hot oven. Serve with sauce supreme. To make the sauce: Make 2 cups of well seasoned white sauce. Just before serving add ½ cup cream beaten until thick with 2 egg yolks. Stir over hot water until the egg is set.

Christmas Cup Cakes.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sifted, light brown sugar gradually. When well blended add 5 tablespoons cocoa. Add 3 well beaten eggs and ½ cup water. Mix and sift 1¼ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Combine with first mixture. Add 1 cup washed and dried currants, 1 cup white raisins, 1 cup shredded citron and ½ cup chopped pecan nuts. Turn into small buttered muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven. When cold cover with white icing. Decorate as follows: Paint toothpicks with melted sweet chocolate. Dip small pale green gum drops in slightly beaten egg white and then dip into a dish of tiny colored candies (Hundreds and Thousands they are sometimes called). The little gum drops represent Christmas trees and the chocolate covered toothpicks are the trunks of the trees. Place one little tree on each cup cake. The tiny silver candies called dragees are lovely on Christmas cakes, too.



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Kid Sisters Don't Count By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 15)

Averting her eyes she asked quickly, "What could happen, Lang?"

"I don't know. But supposing something did? You wouldn't want to...to stop, Muff? It would come very hard on me if you did."

A slight pause. "No, I wouldn't want to...to call it off, Lang."

"Darling, then you are brave enough?"

She nodded. Still she couldn't meet his eyes. She thought, "Brave enough—or stupid enough. I wonder which?"

"But, but when dearest?" he stammered. "You know what I mean?"

She did, of course. Was that why she felt her whole body grow hot, then cold? But she was happy about it. She must be.

Still she kept her small face averted. "When...whenever you like. I think," she coughed and started again, "I think the sooner the better, don't you? After all, this...this waiting is rather awful, isn't it?"

He admitted it was. "All the same," he countered, "I wish it was going to be done the other way. You'd get your divorce and we could be married, dearest. That's the decent way."

"Perhaps this is the more honest way," she whispered.

He stared at her curiously. "I don't understand you, darling."

"Maybe," she gave a curiously husky laugh, "I don't understand myself!"

Before dinner was over it had all been arranged. They would go straight back to Kay's hotel, collect her luggage, take it round to Lang's apartment.

"No sense in waiting," he murmured. "Though I wouldn't want to hurry you into doing anything you didn't wish to, dearest."

She touched his hand impulsively. "I know you wouldn't, Lang."

He covered it with his. "This is an awful big step you're taking, Muff."

She nodded gravely. "I know." Then, suddenly, she sprang to her feet. A restlessness swept her. "Let's be going, Lang. It's...it's unnerving sitting here talking about it, don't you think?"

But in the hotel lounge Lang swept her into his arms once more.

"Are you sure you want to go through with this, darling?"

Kay nodded, unable to speak.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Old-Fashioned Quilting Parties Again in Vogue

OLD customs make friends easily. The old custom of going to quilting parties has made countless friends and the fashion seems to be sweeping the country, says Mary Lee Swann. Quiltings are being held in every community in the nation and prizes are being offered for unusual or beautiful quilts.

Perhaps the climax was reached when a patch-work quilt exhibited at the Century of Progress Exposition won a thousand dollars as first prize. Smaller prizes have been given in hundreds of other places and quilt designs and colors seem to rival the new deal as a topic of conversation.

Until I became addicted to the habit of making quilts it seemed to me that only old and infirm ladies who could do nothing else spent their time in the gentle art of quilt making. Now that I have become quilt-minded I am pleased and exhilarated when a friend or acquaintance greets me with some such inquiry as this: "My dear, what pattern are you working on now?" or "Your plum-purple and orange-amber quilt is quite the loveliest thing I ever saw."

I have tried knitting, crocheting and other forms of needlework but they are all to quilting and quilt-making as miniature golf is to real golf. Even children are becoming imbued with the fun of quilting. Just a few days ago I heard one little boy say to another: "My mother is making me a Lincoln Log Cabin quilt," and the other one replied: "My mother is making me one like she saw in Chicago."

Of patterns there is no end. Among the most popular are: "The Lone Star," "Log Cabin," "Dresden Plate," "Double Wedding Ring," "Chinese Plate," "The Fan," "Jacob's Ladder," "The Star," "The Wild Rose," "The Iris," "The Tulip," "Blazing Star" and "The Windmill."

Most department stores have counters where materials can be bought in any length. Egg shell percale seems to be the choice in nearly all the stores for the background and lining. One reason for the popularity of the egg shell percale is that it seems to blend with all colors. Most department stores feature patterns for quilts and also for the quilting. Quilting cotton is advertised in nearly all the leading magazines.

After selecting your pattern perhaps you will want to think a little about the colors you wish to use. One of the loveliest quilts I have seen was the Wild Rose pattern made with pale green and pale yellow with pink centers for the flowers. The background was egg shell percale, and the other one replied: "My mother is making me one like she saw in Chicago." yellow, with pale green and egg shell percale. The flowers were pink and yellow with a deep green for the stems and leaves.

If you wish to use just two colors on the egg shell percale perhaps you will be interested in some of the following combinations: Light amber and heliotrope, light yellowish pink and violet, slate blue and dull orange, claret and red, coral and turquoise, chamois and lavender, or sage green and plum violet. If you wish a combination of three colors on your egg shell percale select materials with these colors predominating: Red, yellow and blue; purple, pale orange and greenish blue; violet, orange yellow and green; lavender, dull orange and yellow green; or pale pink, pale orange and leaf green.

If you wish a combination of four colors why not experiment with materials having these colors predominating — blue, red, medium violet and gold; pea green, pale orange, Venetian red and slate blue; or orange, dark blue, turquoise blue and pale yellow.

Perhaps one reason women everywhere are reviving the gentle art of quilting is that they are showing their love of color and color combinations in piecing their quilts. They learn without knowing exactly why that contrasting colors give pleasant results; that complementary harmonies are important and that analogous harmonies are easily worked out. They learn that it is sometimes necessary to use one color in greater proportion than the other colors. They learn that one color, either in area or intensity, is usually predominant in a good quilt.

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The Message of the Christmas Fir Tree

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THERE is an old forgotten legend of that first Holy Night so long ago in the little town of Bethlehem. In the walls of the stable where the Babe was born was a window, and as He lay in the humble manger underneath, He could look out at the trees and the sky. And as He lay there He heard the trees begin to talk among themselves.

There was a royal Palm and a luxurious Olive and a plain little Fir Tree.

And the Palm began: "I am the royal tree. I spread my branches over the fountains of princes to give them shade in the hot sultry Summer. My leaves are waved in triumphal processions and scattered at the feet of conquerors. It will be my branches which will be used to protect this newborn King. He will select me to grace His throne."

And the Olive answered: "No, He will choose me for I am the emblem of wealth and fruitfulness. Rich men measure their gold by the number of my trees which they possess. I will pour my oil over His feet and perfume His cradle with my scent. It will be my branches which will bend over His throne."

But the poor little Fir Tree said never a word. It had been left to grow wild in the sands which edged the desert. It had never entered a royal court or received any recognition from man save when a poor peasant used its wood for his scanty fire. It had neither beautiful branches nor balls of fruit with which to garland the cradle of this new Baby King. So the Fir Tree was very sad.

And when the stars looked down at it they, too, were sad, and sorry for it. So they all agreed: "Let us go down and make the Fir Tree beautiful." And they dropped down from their places in heaven and draped themselves along the branches of the little Fir and shone with twinkling brilliancy.

And when the Babe Jesus looked out of His small manger window and saw the glittering tree, He clapped His hands and cried: "I will choose that tree to be My own and it shall stand for Me as My symbol in the homes of men."

So it is not the conquering Palm which we place today beside our fireplaces, nor the luscious Olive which is depicted on our Christmas greeting cards; it is the Fir, sturdy, simple, enduring. It does not have any one seasonal burst of colored beauty nor is it decked with garlands of ripe fruits, but Summer and Winter it retained its green garments of content.

That first Christmas long ago turned upside down the world's sense of values. Jerusalem the golden sat proud as the great metropolis where wealth and power were the only gauge of success; Herod ruled arrogant as a ruthless autocrat; Salome danced for the head of John, brought to her on a platter; money-changers crowded up the forecourt of the Temple.

But these passed and instead there have come down to us in immortal reality, MARY, symbol of ideal womanhood; JOSEPH, carpenter, humblest and most democratic of all trades; and the BABE, born in a stall. Together they make possible A FAMILY; together they compose A HOME.

That Christmas re-valued many things and brought forward as rich human currency the gold of virtue, simplicity, kindliness, LOVE. So, too, this Christmas, more than ever, there is need for a re-valuing of these old-fashioned qualities and we, too, must decide what is worth while, and in particular where are we women going?

For along many fundamental paths of effort women are standing at a crossroads, a turning point. The past 20 years have seen the exodus of women into industry, the organized, mechanized industry of factory, office and shop. Like Nora in Ibsen's famed "Doll's House," women have banged the doors shut against home and housekeeping and rushed out into the commercial world to gain this freedom.

And what has the depression proved beyond a shadow of a doubt? That industry cannot absorb so many women, that every standardized feminine occupation is overcrowded, and that there are too many teachers, nurses, librarians and stenographers. It is not too much to assert that 50 women stand in line for every job. Will it be better just as soon as economic balance is again achieved?

That is for women themselves to help decide. For too many years past there has grown up a snobbishness on the part of women toward their own peculiar tasks as mothers, homemakers, housekeepers and employers of household labor. They have lent themselves to schemes of education which serve only to increase the useless number of "white-collar" workers looking with disdain at what we may call the "white apron" class of craft-and-skill women working in the home. Daughters have trekked by thousands through the office door, turning uptilted noses back at the kitchen door through which they glimpse their own mothers, pitied as their inferiors.

The results of this unfortunate sense of values are to be seen in badly managed homes, in broken homes, in failure to consider any home at all worth founding. Women have run off to manage anybody else's problems rather than their own, or how otherwise can we explain the still servilely regarded status of the woman who cooks our meals and keeps the house clean and in order for us. How explain the discontented attitude of many home women that they are "doing nothing important!" Or the frequently met with feeling that cooking, for example, is not as creative as being a saleswoman or that taking care of your own household finances is not as worthy as being a bookkeeper on a hired basis?

There is a joy, a pleasure, an expression of individuality to be achieved even in something as lowly as preparing a family dinner. There is a chance to ward off a useless neurosis by having so many cleaning and darning and polishing tasks that there is no time to have a "split-psyche," because routine tasks of a repetitive kind and up to a certain point give a soothing rhythm which is the best antidote for restlessness. There is so much happiness to be found in helping little children grow, and no college or cultural background is ever too intensive for this need.

Perhaps the most disappointing thing for the old-guard feminists to admit is this: there is no such thing as a "new woman"—the ideal strived for, alas! for the past two decades! The interests of women are special and peculiar and set apart. There are exceptional women who can outburst their traditional sphere, but for the majority the greatest satisfactions are to be found in making herself what she has failed to do for so long, an inspirational force.

That force may be used as a mother, a wife, or a homemaker; it also needs to be projected impersonally into the new society which seems so imminent at the opening of this new year. There are countless occupations where women may use their special talents and interests and where they will not be competing with men. In the fine arts, in the many ramified fields of so-called Home Economics, in making a home for some group in a larger, sociological sense, but always some type or phase of Family, some type or phase of Home.

And this revision of values on the part of women may not lead to the honors of the royal Palm, or the wealth of the luxuriant Olive. These values probably must return to hold fast to those qualities of the Fir which we and all the world celebrate tomorrow—simple, enduring, content—pointed always toward the Stars.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY (Christmas)	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Oatmeal, Poached Eggs, Scones, Coffee.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Muffins, Bacon, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Bacon Omelet, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Whole Cereal with Dates, French Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Fruit, Cereal, Eggs, Popovers, Coffee.	Prune Juice, Small Sausage Balls, Hominy Grits, Graham Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	Fruit, Whole Cereal, French Rolls, Sweet Butter, Marmalade, Coffee.
Dinner	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Christmas Cocktail, Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Stuffing, Steamed Rice, Sweet Potato Balls, Brussels Sprouts, Spiced Pickles, Pistachio Salad, Christmas Charlotte Russe, Mistletoe Cake, Coffee, Nuts, Candies.	Corn Pudding or Spachetti Italienne, Emergency Salad (Left-Overs), Mistletoe Cake, Cocoa.	Sauted Canned Sausage, Delmonico Potatoes, Apple and Raisin Salad, Chocolate Cornstarch, Tea.	Oyster Soup, Crackers, Jellied Cranberry Salad, Half Cups Coffee.	Buttered Red Cabbage, Potatoes O'Brien, Graham Bread, Pear Salad, Tea.	Virginia Macaroni Golden Corn Bread, Grapefruit and Green Pepper Salad, Cocoa.	Maryland Chicken Pie, Buttered Green Vegetable, Orange and Romaine Salad, Christmas Cookies.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
(*Company*) Cream Turkey Roll, Buttered Broccoli, Sunshine Salad, Christmas Cookies, Wassail Bowl.	Turkey Soup, Baked Kidney Bean Casserole, Spiced Beets, Celery, Prune Whip.	Vegetables and Noodles, Lettuce Chiffonade, Baked Indian Pudding with Favorite Sauce.	Salt Codfish Chowder, Perfection Salad, Apricot Tapioca, Half Cups Coffee.	Broiled Lamb Chops with Grilled Pineapple, Baked Idaho Potatoes, Vegetable Salad, Graham Cracker Cake.	Pineapple Sherbet.	Toasted Sandwiches, Chocolate Waffles with Whipped Cream, Hot Fruit Punch.
Supper						
Consomme, Cranberry Salad, Cookies, Cocoa.						

American Weekly Patterns

DISTINCTION WITH SIMPLICITY FOR MATURE FIGURES (8065). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52, with corresponding hip measure. Size 44 will require 3¼ yards of 54-inch material, together with ⅞ yard of contrasting material. If made of 39-inch material in monotone it will require 5¼ yards.

COMBINING GRACE AND CHIC (8069). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½, 38), and in 40 and 42. Size 16 will require 4¼ yards of 35-inch material, together with ⅛ yard of contrasting material for the bodice and tie. If made in monotone and without collar 3⅞ yards are required.

OFF TO SCHOOL (8076). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material. With short sleeve and without berths it will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material in monotone.

SWAGGER AND QUITE LIKE A "GROWN UP'S" (8080). Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require 1⅜ yards of 54-inch material, also 1⅞ yards of lining and ½ yard of interlining 35 inches wide.

READY TO GO (8072). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½, 38), also 40 and 42. Size 18 will require 3 yards of 54-inch material, with collar of fur, or ⅝ yard of fur cloth or other contrasting material 35 inches wide. To line the jacket will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material and ½ yard of haircloth or canvas for interlining.

MODERNISTIC (8085). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½, 38), also 40 and 42. Size 18 requires 2⅛ yards of 39-inch material, together with ½ yard of contrasting material.

PRACTICAL AND NEW (8067). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 bust measure. Size medium requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material.

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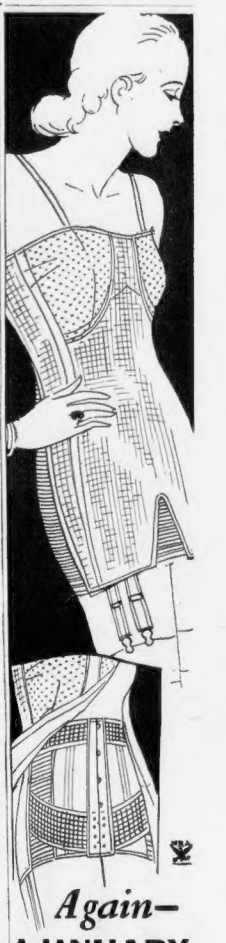

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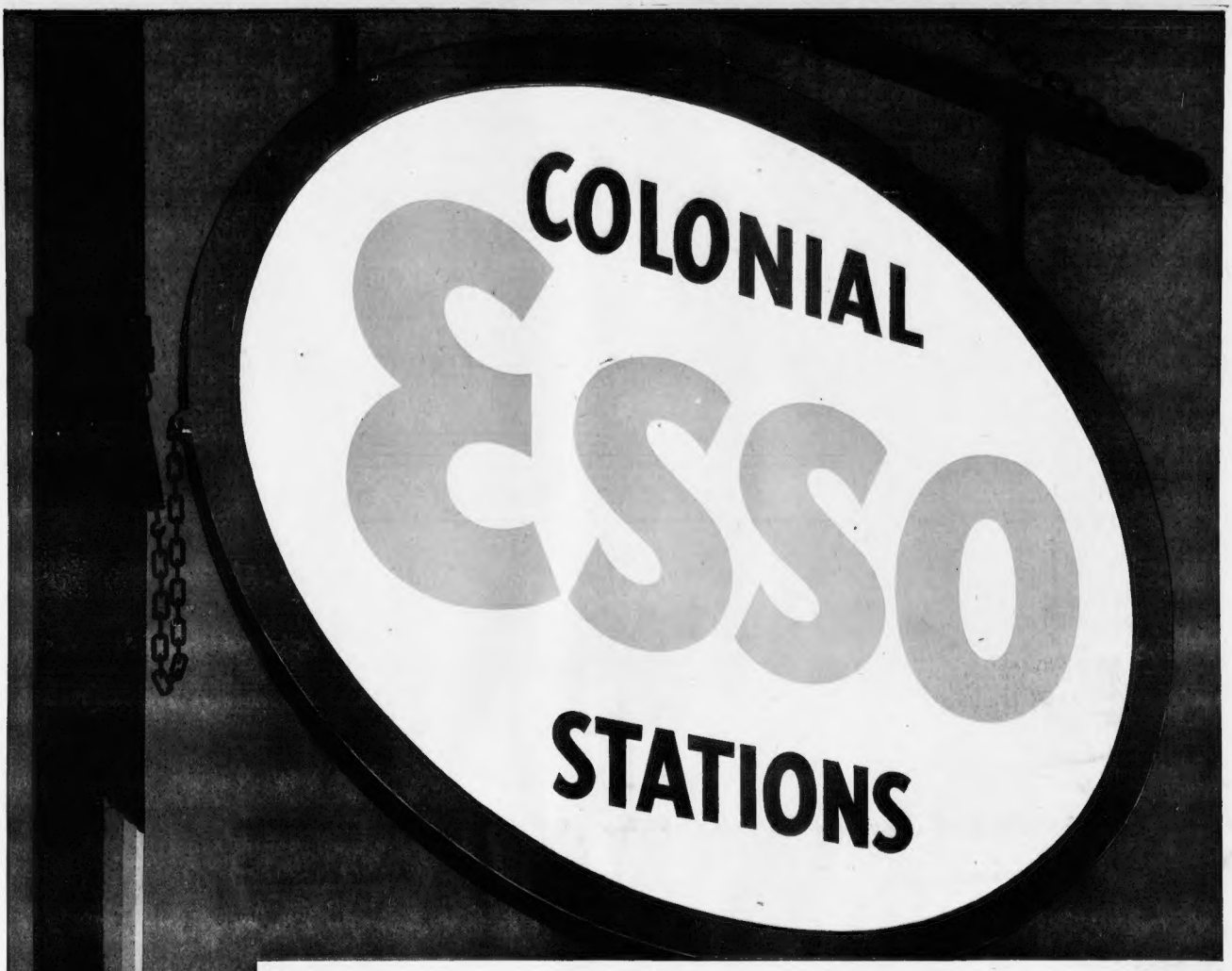

This Sign *Guarantees* Planned Service

The greatest service organization for motorists—Colonial Esso Stations and Dealers—now makes possible the newest convenience ever offered the motoring public—*planned service.* Everywhere you are, from Maine to Louisiana, you will find this planned service. Colonial Esso Stations and Dealers are located, equipped and supplied to meet best the needs of the motoring community. Each station carries the finest motor fuels and lubricants. Then at conveniently located stations you will find in addition a *full* line of tires, batteries and reasonably priced quality accessories. Thus motoring needs are completely cared for and, wherever you travel, you can be confident of uniform products and dependable service. Just look for the Colonial Esso sign. It indicates quick, courteous attendants—clean attractive rest rooms. No one forcing sales upon you, but every attendant trained to satisfy your slightest want. Stations operated by local men who know their localities. Get the best at Colonial Esso Stations and Dealers.

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• *Products of verified quality available for motorists in every community, through ESSO Stations and Dealers.—An Organization from Maine to Louisiana—30,000 Strong.*

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ATLAS TIRES
ATLAS BATTERIES
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And a complete line of accessories.

AT REGULAR GASOLINE PRICE

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Guarantees **Smoother Performance**

COLONIAL BEACON OIL COMPANY, INC.